The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 116. Vol. XX. MAY, 1901. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Barrie has now completed his new play, which will be found in some important respects a new departure. He is at work on his new book, also a new departure. It will first appear in *Scribner's Magazine*, and it is expected that it will be ready for publication in the early spring.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, the well-known biographer, is preparing a life of Ellen Terry. He is having the support, not only of Miss Terry herself, who said to him that she supposed somebody would do her life, and that she would rather he than anyone else did it—but of the whole Terry family; and Sir Henry Irving has promised to supply information and illustrations which otherwise could not be had. The book will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Pearson.

It may now be taken as certain that Mr. John Morley's life of Gladstone will not be published this year. The fact, however, that this was thought at one time conceivable shows that considerable progress has been made.

We are glad to hear that Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in preparation a collected edition of the whole of Robert Buchanan's Poems. They are to be published in two six-shilling volumes, each containing a portrait of the author.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs has now decided, after considerable difficulty, on a title for his new book. It is to be called "Light Freights."

Miss Alice Werner, who has spent a great part of her life in South Africa, is writing a novel which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish, entitled "Chapenga's White Man." We understand that a considerable amount of dialect appears in this work, but the authoress has been wise enough to attach a glossary, which will make it intelligible to the ordinary reader.

Since "Elizabeth" popularised garden literature, there have been many more or less successful volumes on this subject issued by different publishing houses. At the present time, with the coming of spring, there seems to be a rush of this particular species of book. We understand that Mr. John Lane has in hand a volume by Mrs. Leslie Williams, called "A Garden in the Suburbs," and a work by Mary Pamela Milne-Home, entitled "Stray Leaves from a Border Garden"; whilst Messrs. Methuen will issue immediately "A Garden Diary," by Emily Lawless, and "The British Gardener," by William Williamson.

The controversy regarding the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" still continues, and the following is the *Referee's* contribution:—

"The Secret Out.

"My *first* called Shakespeare's, crossing over
From Calais, you behold at Dover;
My *second*, that of Kabul River,
In Kipling's ballad makes you shiver;
My whole's the name, by marriage fetters,
Of her who wrote those mad 'Love Letters.'"

We would inform the *Referee*, and anyone else whom it may concern, that Mrs. W. K. Clifford is certainly *not* the author.

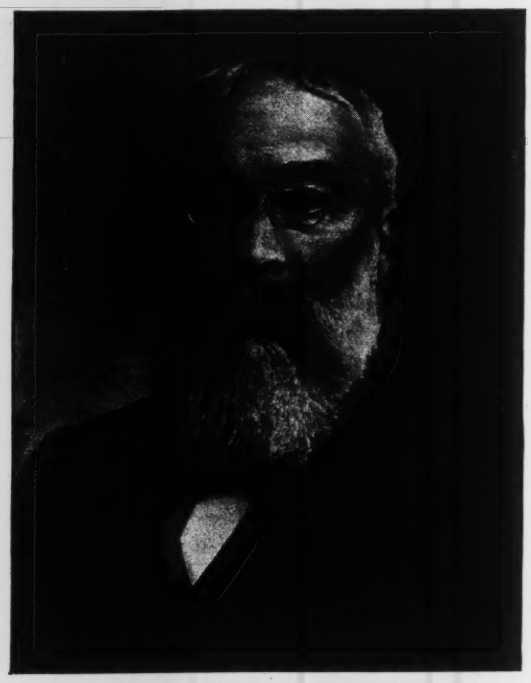
Dr. Jessopp, in the preface to his new book, to be published immediately by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has an interesting personal reference. We venture to quote the passage:—"When, some twenty years ago, the country living which I now hold was offered me by the kind friend to whom the patronage belonged, I accepted it with little hesitation, and I did so with my eyes open and not without counting the cost. I knew that in joining the ranks of the country clergy I was burning my ships and that there was no professional future before me. I have never regretted my decision. I have found an abiding joy and pride in doing my best for my people, and studying them and their ways in the present, while trying to learn something about their forefathers and *their* ways in the past."

Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. George Meredith have been appointed honorary members of the Whitefriars Club, and they accepted the distinction in very cordial letters. Mr. Meredith wishes the Friars "amiable discourse, companionable feastings, together with the success in life which should come from attentive observation of the habits, practised maxims, and general procedure" of one of their number.

The Italian opinion of Mr. Hall Caine will be read with interest at a time when he is to publish a new book, the scene of which is chiefly laid in Italy. We

translate it from *L'Adriatico*, a journal published in Venice:—

"It will not be uninteresting to you that I should tell you something about Hall Caine, one of the most interesting and genial personalities, as a thinker, a literary man, and a student of the social question. Besides, he deserves our attention because since 1897 he has passed five or six months of each year in Rome—coming in December and staying until the heat compels him to go north again—to study our country in its multiform aspects, the sentiments, desires and passions of our people, not in a superficial or incomplete way, but deeply, making himself master of all the details concerning them. How different he is in this from certain other foreign writers who, after having been only for a few weeks amongst us, and often surrounded by persons interested in showing only one side of our life, and that not always the best, have afterwards given opinions and judgment on men and things with a gravity only to be exceeded by their ignorance. But with Hall Caine it is the reverse. I believe that there is not a corner of Rome that he has not explored, or a class of our citizens with whom he has not mixed, seeking to understand all their most intimate thoughts and aspirations. He has frequented our Law Courts and the House of Parliament, succeeding by the power of his genius in assimilating even those things which for a stranger must be difficult to understand. He has visited the Vatican and the prisons; he has taken part in the carnival feasts as well as in the miseries of the poor; he has mixed with the highest aristocracy, with the nobility, with the learned, with those who are struggling for a political ideal and the conquest of humanity. A few words to explain the title of his new romance. Although he calls it 'The Eternal City,' it is not because it is in any strict sense a story of Roman life and customs, but rather a setting forth of the great, universal democratic movement over the whole world at the beginning of the twentieth century. In Rome, Mr. Hall Caine has lived for some years at Trinita de' Monti, in an apartment which belongs to Count Nigra, our Ambassador at Venice. From it there is one of the finest and most artistic panoramas of our Italian capital, which, with the cupolas of its hundreds of churches, its towers, and its monuments, the witnesses of so many changes and so many glories, extends around in a semi-circle, from the Quirinal to the Vatican, from the Janiculum to the Aventine. Before this imposing and suggestive view the illustrious writer has written his new story, 'The Eternal City.'"



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR WALTER BESANT,

Whose new book, *East London*, is reviewed in this issue by W. Pett Ridge.

From a Photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Samuel J. Porter, 31, High Street, Ventnor.*

Mr. Booker Washington's remarkable autobiography will be published in this country by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The annual report of the Brontë Society has now been published. The President is the Earl of Crewe, and the Vice-Presidents are: His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.; Sir T. Wemyss Reid; John Brigg, Esq., M.P.; Rev. R. Collyer, D.D., New York; Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D.; Rev. Canon Clarke, M.A.; C. Milnes Gaskell, Esq.; William Law, Esq.; W. E. B. Priestley, Esq., J.P.; Clement K. Shorter, Esq.; John Waugh, Esq.; T. J. Wise, Esq. During the seven years the Society has been in existence the membership has steadily risen from 163 at the end of the first year to 331 at the end of 1900. Part XI. of the "Transactions" has been published, containing an essay by Mr. Fotheringham on "Emily Brontë and the Brontë Problem." Mr. T. J. Wise, the well-known collector, has presented fourteen valuable autograph letters by Charlotte Brontë, including the last two, written in pencil, on her deathbed.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus propose issuing in the coming autumn Zola's "Honour of the Army," uniform with the works of the same author published by them. They are also following on their successful issue of "The Cloister and the Hearth" with Charles Reade's ever popular novel, "It's Never too Late to Mend," which will be published uniform with the above at two shillings. It will be printed on "India Paper."

Sir Walter Besant's new historical novel, "The Lady of Lynn," will be published in September by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It is fully illustrated by Miss D. Hammond. The same firm are publishing in July "The Millionaire Mystery," by Fergus Hume, and a six-shilling edition of "This Troublesome World," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

Messrs. A. P. Watt and Son, the famous literary agents, have issued a new edition of letters addressed to Mr. A. P. Watt from eminent clients. In this new edition there are letters not printed in former editions from the following, among other authors: the Archbishop of Armagh, W. S. Churchill, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Craigie, Jerome K. Jerome, Esq., "Zack," Rudyard Kipling, Esq., and others. A sentence from the letter of Mr. Whiteing will be read with interest: "It is something to be represented in the market by one who is no higgler, but who has a due sense of the buyer's position, as well as of the seller's claims." Mr. Jerome writes, under date January 9th, 1901: "I am very satisfied not to be my own business man. It is not that I do not appreciate the value of my own work. It is that I am never able to convince editors and publishers of its value. You it is who open their eyes to the truth concerning me, much to my advantage. May you live long and prosper me!" Mr. Kipling

writes, under date January 15th, 1900: "Dear Watt,—It is now ten years since I first entrusted you with all my business; and I think the history of your campaigns in my behalf during that period would make a more interesting book than any I have put forth. But that book will never be written, and this is only a line before I go South to say that I am, as ever, yours sincerely and gratefully, Rudyard Kipling."

W. J. STILLMAN,
The author of *The Autobiography of a Journalist*, which Messrs. Constable have published. From the drawing by Miss Lisa Stillman. Exhibited at last year's New Gallery.

We regret to learn that the widow and daughter of the late Mr. Irving Montagu have been left unprovided for. His latter days were darkened by much misfortune, and he was unable to make any provision for his family. A fund is being raised on their behalf. All subscriptions should be sent to Mr. J. Farlow Wilson, 60, Loughborough Park, Brixton, S.W.

Mr. Grant Richards will begin to publish about the middle of May a series entitled "The World's Classics." Judging from a specimen volume we have seen, these appear to us to be among the cheapest books ever published, considering their get-up. They are well bound in cloth, printed by R. and R. Clark on good paper, and are sold at one shilling net. The leather edition, which has a gilt top, and is sold at two shillings net, is singularly beautiful. The first three volumes are "Jane Eyre," "The Essays of Elia," and "Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1830—58." We shall watch with much interest the result of this very spirited experiment.

Mr. Edward Arnold will issue about the second week in May a war book that doubtless will be read with much interest. It is called "The Work of the Ninth Division," and is written by Major-General Sir H. Colvile.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's new novel, "No Vindication," will be published shortly by Mr. John Long. Mr. Long will also issue this spring Mr. G. B. Burgin's new book, "A Son of Mammon," and a new novel by Mrs. Lovett Cameron, entitled "Bitter Fruit."

Mr. Heinemann will publish on May 10th Mr. Basil Marnan's novel, "A Daughter of the Veldt." If the publisher's opinion prove correct, it will have a very considerable success.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are issuing immediately a new historical novel by Bertha Runkle, entitled "The Helmet of Navarre." We understand that the advance orders in the United States exceed 50,000 copies.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have completed the publication of the first twenty-five volumes of their handsome Library of English Classics. This series has been so successful that we understand other volumes are to follow. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" and "Heroes and Hero Worship" will be published during the course of May.

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 20TH, 1901.

Trade has been a somewhat variable quantity during the past month. Of course, the Good Friday and Easter holidays were accountable for some of the slackness during the earlier portion, and as the vacation was lengthened by many of the houses closing also upon the intervening Saturday, a considerable break in the course of business was experienced. The fluctuations have, however, been very marked during the latter portion of the time.

The output of fiction has been extensive, and many of our most prominent authors have been in evidence. About forty new 6s. novels have appeared, and the sales in this class have been, taking the month throughout, very satisfactory. It is somewhat difficult to specialise among such a number, but among the most successful issues may be mentioned "Babs the Impossible," by Sarah Grand; "The Column," by C. Marriott; "Lysbeth," by Rider Haggard; "Mononia," by Justin McCarthy; "The Silver Skull," by S. R. Crockett; and "Pro Patria," by Max Pemberton.

With the death of that popular authoress, Miss Yonge, came an increase in the demand for the more popular of her works.

Theological books have not been much in request during the month just passed. There are, however, two works of this nature which have attracted the attention of the public, and have sold freely, viz., "The Body of Christ," by Canon Gore, and Chambers' "Our Life after Death." The latter has been before the public some considerable time, but appears to have an increased popularity.

Several books bearing upon the African and Chinese campaigns have appeared, and, judging by the extent of

their sales, the interest in these troubles has no appearance of flagging. In connection with the latter, we have had "These from the Land of Sinim," by Sir Robert Hart; "A Year in China," by Clive Bigham; and "The Siege of the Peking Legations," by Allen Roland; and with the former, "My Experiences of the Boer War," by Count Sternberg; and "The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa," by W. H. Mackinnon. "A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife" and "A Common-sense Army" have both been much in demand.

Cookery books are always with us, and their number is legion. It is impossible, however, to overlook the large sale of "A1 Cookery," by H. N. L.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" has well maintained its popularity; and "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters," by Barry Pain, has equally continued its success.

Consequent upon the expiration of the copyright of "Adam Bede," by George Eliot, a goodly number of new editions have been placed before the public, and an increased amount of interest in this work has resulted.

The new issues of sixpenny reprints have been numerous, and very large orders have been placed during the month. A large amount of trade has been transacted in this line, and there is every indication of a considerable increase in the near future. Amongst the most popular have been "The Heavenly Twins," "Dodo," "Pharos the Egyptian," "The Potter's Thumb," "The Splendid Spur," "Peg the Rake," and "Wild Proxy."

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Babs the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Column. By C. Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Master Sinner. By a Well-known Author. 3s. 6d. (Long.)
Lysbeth. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Mononia. By Justin MacCarthy. 6s. (Chatto.)
Pro Patria. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
Visits of Elizabeth. By Eleanor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Sin of Jasper Standish. By Rita. 6s. (Constable.)
Little Grey Sheep. By Mrs. Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
According to Plato. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Englishwoman's Love Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Another Englishwoman's Love Letters. By Barry Pain. 2s.; sewed, 1s. (Unwin.)
Adam Bede. Various Editions.
These from the Land of Sinim. By Sir Robert Hart. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
A Year in China. By Clive Bigham. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Siege of the Peking Legations. By Allen Roland. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
My Experiences in the Boer War. By Count Sternberg. 5s. net. (Longmans.)
Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa. By W. H. Mackinnon. 6s. (J. Murray.)
"A1" Cookery Book. By H. N. L. 2s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
The Body of Christ. By Canon Gore. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Our Life after Death. By Arthur Chambers. 2s. 6d. net. (C. Taylor.)
Life of Irene Petrie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Charlotte M. Yonge's Novels.
A large number of the various Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Mar. 23—Steady in all departments.
" 30—A perceptible slackening in the Home trade. Colonial and Foreign rather brisk.
April 6—A slack week.
" 13—Slack at first, but improving towards close.
" 20—Very varied week in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MARCH 21ST TO APRIL 20TH, 1901.

Anticipations of a brisk spring and summer trade led to much activity by all the leading publishing houses, and as Easter approached, signs of improved business became noticeable.

The approaching opening of the Glasgow Exhibition created a stirring competition amongst publishers of Guide Books and tourist literature of all sorts. The trade in cycling maps was good, as the month of April brought spring-like weather. Sixpenny editions of popular works continued very prominent in the month's business, and the announcements of forthcoming volumes steadily increased. The fear was expressed that these would seriously affect more important works throughout the summer, and detract from the sales of magazines.

A new edition of "Queen Victoria: 1819 to 1901," by R. R. Holmes, was the only volume which attracted attention in this class of literature; but the sales of Harmsworth's popular work, "V.R.I.," showed no falling off. Sir John Tenniel's "Cartoons from *Punch*" was much asked for. Two war books, striking and readable, appeared—"A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife," and "My Experience of the Boer War," by Count Sternberg.

The issuing of editions of leading writers, in handy volumes, on India paper, became a feature of the trade; and the Warwick edition of George Eliot's works, and Nelson's New Century Library were beautiful productions in this handy and readable form.

Many popular works of fiction at six shillings came to hand, and those having the best sale were "Babs the Impossible," by Sarah Grand; "The Eternal Quest," by J. A. Steuart; "The Gamblers," by W. Le Queux; "The Silver Skull," by S. R. Crockett; "Pro Patria," by Max Pemberton; "A Wayside Weed," by A. F. Slade; and "The Wizard's Knot," by W. Barry.

The most popular book at three shillings and sixpence was "The Master Sinner;" and at five shillings, "My Indian Queen," by Guy Boothby.

Probably the most successful sixpenny volumes were "The Heavenly Twins," by Sarah Grand; "Adventures of Captain Kettle," by Cutcliffe Hyne; "The Potter's Thumb," by F. A. Steel; "Peg the Rake," by "Rita," and the several issues of R. M. Ballantyne's works.

The following is our list of best-selling books:—

Six-shilling Novels—
The Eternal Quest. By J. A. Steuart. (Hutchinson.)
Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
Babs the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. (Hutchinson.)
Pro Patria. By Max Pemberton. (Ward and Lock.)
A Wayside Weed. By A. F. Slade. (Hutchinson.)
The Blue Diamond. By Mrs. Meade. (Chatto.)
The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. (Smith, Elder.)
The Wizard's Knot. By William Barry. (Unwin.)
The Third Floor. By Mrs. Dudeney. (Methuen.)

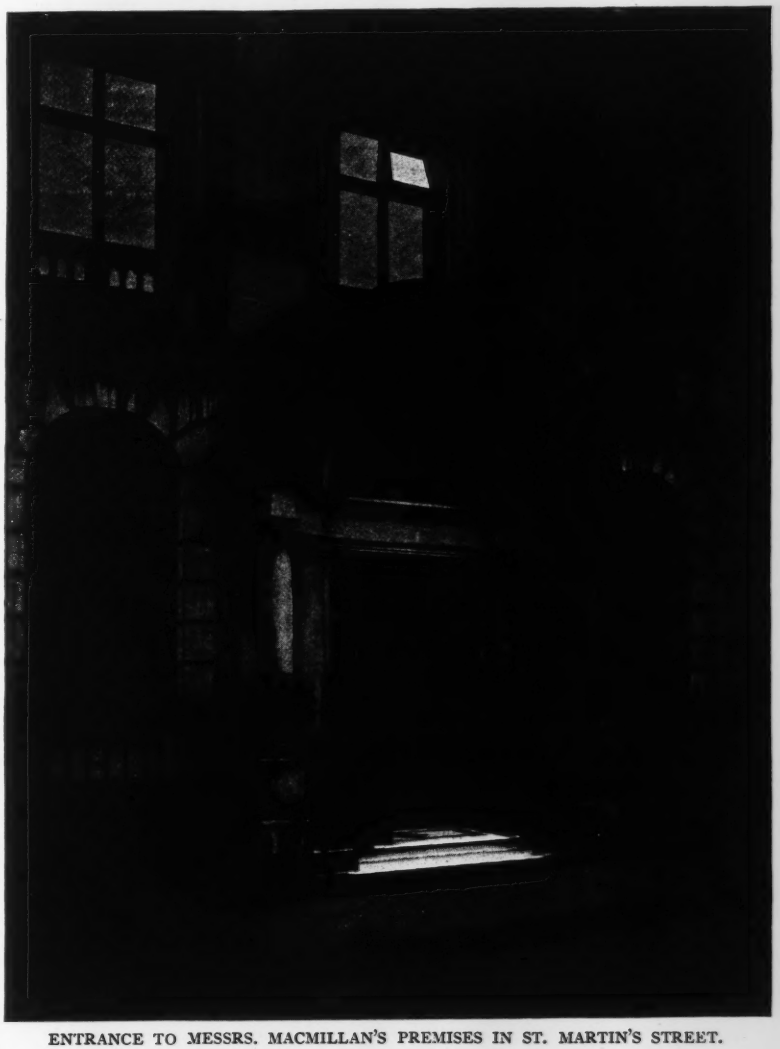
Miscellaneous—
The Master Sinner. By a Well-known Author. 3s. 6d. (Long.)
My Indian Queen. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
My Experiences of the Boer War. By Count Sternberg. 5s. (Longman.)
A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife. 3s. 6d. (Longman.)
The Christian Doctrine of Immortality. By Professor Salmond. 9s. (Clark.)
Modern Criticism. By Dr. G. A. Smith. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Temperance Problem. Abridged Ed. 6d. (Hodder).
Sir John Tenniel's Cartoons from *Punch*. 2s. 6d. (Bradbury.)

The Reader.

THE LONDON PUBLISHING HOUSES.

III.—MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED.

ALTHOUGH this firm has only been established a little over half a century, it is impossible in this short notice to give either an adequate account of the books they have published or of those who have published them. It is interesting to note that one author, W. Thomson, B.A., for whom the firm published a book in the fourth year of its existence, is still alive in the person of Lord Kelvin. For the early history of the firm we are indebted to the admirable memoir of Daniel Macmillan, by Thomas Hughes, Q.C., but this only gives us a sketch of the character of one of the eminent founders of this firm, and induces us again to repeat the hope already expressed in these columns, that the lives of other famous publishers may be written. We are greatly indebted, of course, to this firm for giving us a bibliographical catalogue, which is in itself a monumental history; but we should like to hear more about the relations between author and publisher, feeling assured that if such could be given, the prevalent idea in some quarters that Barabbas was a publisher would soon be discredited. Of the two brothers who were associated in founding the firm, Daniel Macmillan, the elder, was born at Upper Corrie, in the Island of Arran, in 1813. He was apprenticed in 1824 to Maxwell Dick, a bookseller in Irvine, and at the end of seven years an indorsement was entered by Dick upon the cancelled indenture that "the said Daniel has served me with diligence, honesty, and sobriety." He was afterwards with Atkinson of Glasgow, then, in 1833, with Johnson of Cambridge, and in 1837 in the service of Messrs. Seeley, in Fleet Street.



ENTRANCE TO MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S PREMISES IN ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

Alexander Macmillan, the younger brother, was born in Irvine, on October 3rd, 1818, and, after spending some time in the scholastic profession, joined his brother at Seeley's, in 1839. In 1843 a business was opened in Aldersgate Street, under the management of Alexander; while in the summer of the same year the business of Newby, in Cambridge, was purchased by Daniel, aided by Archdeacon Hare. The Aldersgate Street business was not closed, as it was thought advisable to keep an agency in town. This arrangement, however, was prevented by the health of Daniel not being robust enough to allow him to take charge of the Cambridge business, and the brothers were together again at the end of the year.

In 1845 a more flourishing business, that of Stevenson, 1, Trinity Street, Cambridge, was bought, when Mr. Barclay was taken into partnership, and the names of Macmillan, Barclay, and Macmillan appeared as the imprint until 1849. These years in Cambridge were full of interest, and a foundation was laid in the early friendships they made, upon which their after fame and prosperity were built. They were booksellers of a type too rarely met with nowadays, and many a story might be told, did space permit, of the methods they adopted in supplying books to the undergraduates of their day. Those who have read the Memoir of Daniel Macmillan will remember his estimate of the value of Maurice's works. The high esteem and reverence that he had for this author were not, however, shared by a certain tutor of a college very near the Trinity Street shop, and the students were forbidden to buy Maurice's books. This action so angered Daniel Macmillan that he sent copies gratis to them! Both brothers married in

Cambridge, and after years of ill-health Daniel died in 1857, just when, as Mr. Hughes tells us, "their business had taken root, and the steady demand for their books, and the growing popularity of the writers with whom they were connected—above all, of Mr. Kingsley—inspired confidence in the future." It was in this year that Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" was published, a second edition being called for a few weeks after its first appearance.

In 1858 a branch office was opened at Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and in 1863 larger premises were obtained at 16, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, which were vacated in 1872 for still larger houses, 29 and 30, Bedford Street. The present premises in St. Martin's Street were opened by them in October, 1897, and were described by us in our November issue of that year. On again visiting the premises a few weeks ago, we were surprised to find that, although the warehouse room was described as four times as large as the premises lately occupied at Bedford Street, overcrowding was already taking place.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN. AFTER THE PAINTING BY HERKOMER.

Mr. Alexander Macmillan, who practically retired from business some time before the new premises were in course of erection, died in January, 1896, and in one of the obituary notices it was remarked that "he had a strong personality and a magnetic influence, and that those who conversed with him were carried away by his intense earnestness, so much so indeed, that very few of his listeners ever left him, no matter what subject had been under discussion, without taking away some food for intellectual digestion." We sincerely hope to hear more of him in the near future, and that the rumours that have reached us of a memoir being in hand are not mere idle gossip. In the year 1870 the freedom of Irvine (his native town) was conferred upon him, and in 1880 he received the degree of M.A., after having been publisher to the University of Oxford since 1863.

The limited Company was formed in 1895, and the present directors are the four partners who had previously joined the firm—Mr. George Lillie Craik, in 1865; Mr. Frederick Macmillan, in 1874; Mr. George Macmillan, in 1879; and Mr. Maurice Macmillan, in 1883.

The name of Mr. Craik has long been associated with literature, for the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," was his wife. His brother, Sir Henry Craik, is the author of "The Life of Swift," and the editor of "English Prose Selections" and "The English Citizen Series," etc.; and his uncle, George Lillie Craik, gave us "The History of English Literature."

Mr. Frederick Macmillan, a J.P. and D.L. for Hertfordshire, is the President of the Publishers' Association, and has taken a very prominent part in the net price controversy. Mr. George Macmillan is a J.P. for London, and is well known in connection with the Hellenic Society and the School at Athens, and holds the honoured position of Chief of the Macmillan Clan.

We have pleasure in giving the portraits of all the present directors of the company and past members of the firm. That of Mr. Daniel Macmillan is from a painting by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and that of Mr. Alexander Macmillan is by Mr. Herkomer. Both pictures are now hanging in St. Martin's Street.

The first book published by D. and A. Macmillan, Aldersgate Street, in 1843, was Craig's "Philosophy of Training," and only one other appeared in the same year, about which a good story is told. The title of the book was "The Three Questions: What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" It was subscribed by Alexander Macmillan, and when Mr. Longman saw it he answered the questions thus: "A Scot; from the Land of Cakes; going to the d——l!"

The Classified Catalogue lately issued by the firm occupies about 150 pages, and is divided into about sixty sections, which makes it impossible to deal with each separately. We must, however, refer to a few of the special features of this firm's publications.

It is scarcely too much to say that the scientific works published by Macmillan and Co. have contributed largely to the extension of natural knowledge. They may roughly be considered in two classes—first, those which are connected with the rudiments of science, and are read by elementary students and the general public; and secondly, technical treatises, which can only be appreciated by men who have graduated in a school of scientific thought. As an instance of the first class, the series of Science Primers commenced in 1872, and edited by Professors Huxley,

Roscoe, and Stewart, may be mentioned. Many of the active men of science of the younger generation to-day were first introduced to their subjects by one or other of these Primers, and after thirty years the little books are still widely read by people who have only a general interest in science and used as text-books in schools. Several similar series are in existence, but the idea of publishing, at a low price, concise and sound descriptions of the methods and results of various sciences, written by leaders of scientific thought, in language which could be understood without a preliminary acquaintance with technical terms, originated with Mr. A. Macmillan. In a speech made by Mr. George Macmillan, in May, 1896, he said: "My father early became convinced that, in the interests of the community, educational literature needed to be raised to a higher level, and he made it his aim to induce the most eminent men he could find to set themselves to the task of writing elementary text-books."

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

The treatises to which reference has been made are of an entirely different nature, but they are of fundamental importance to the scientific investigator. Men of science recognise that the demand for works of this character is too limited to justify publication from a commercial point of view, and it is satisfactory to know that they frequently express their indebtedness to Messrs. Macmillan for making such works available. There ought, in fact, to be an endowed press to publish books which do not come within the range of the transactions of scientific societies, and yet are essential aids to scientific progress.

DANIEL MACMILLAN. AFTER THE PAINTING BY LOWES DICKINSON.

In yet another direction have Messrs. Macmillan been the means of creating and fostering interest in science, namely, by the publication of the weekly journal, *Nature*, now in its sixty-third volume. There is no scientific periodical in the world which has the same scope and standing as *Nature*. It is found in practically every scientific institution and society at home and abroad, and is everywhere looked to for the expression of the views of leaders of science upon current topics and descriptions of discoveries and developments of all branches of study and industry having a scientific basis. It is the accepted organ of the scientific world, and nothing which affects the positions and problems of men of science is permitted to pass unnoticed in its columns. After the publication of the fiftieth volume of *Nature* a dinner was given to celebrate the event, and we are permitted to reproduce an interesting souvenir of the occasion containing the signatures of those present.

The firm has always been famous for its mathematical publications, the first work of Todhunter appearing in 1852, and of Barnard Smith in 1853. These two men held the field during many generations of schoolboys, and even yet their books are not altogether excluded from the school library. In the catalogue before us, however, we find that some of the old works have been re-edited, and Smith and Hudson's Arithmetic and Todhunter and Loney's Algebra are running side by side with the original works. In this particular section, however, Messrs. Macmillan have added many important works, among the best known authors being Hall and Knight with their Algebras, Hall and Stevens with their Euclids, and other works by Charles Smith and J. B. Lock. Apart from the higher text-books may be mentioned many for elementary schools, including Lock and Collar's Arithmetics for the Standards, and Lock and Macdonald's Arithmetics for Promotion, as well as works for mental calculation in the Standards, and cards for test examinations. In fact, the works in this section may be said to cover the whole field of educational requirements, from the dame school in the village and the board school in the town, to the Higher Grade, the public schools, and the Universities.

The Classical Section is also a strong one, and includes the well-known series of "Elementary Classics," "The Classical Series" for schools and colleges, and the higher treatises, including "The Classical Library" for advanced students; commentaries and translations, and the dainty "Parnassus Library" of classical texts. In connection with the classics it may be noted that an attempt was made a few years ago to provide a new fount of Greek, as the usual ones left much to be desired in point of beauty and clearness. A type was, therefore, designed for this firm by Mr. Selwyn Image, known as "Macmillan Greek."

The designer is said to have founded the type chiefly

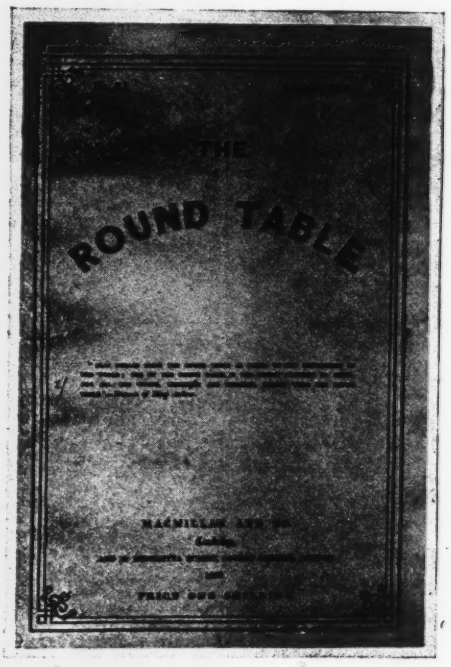
on the MS. of the Scala Paradisi of St. John Climacus, written in the tenth century, and on the type of the Hero and Leander of Musacus, printed at Alcala about 1514, which was itself founded on a tenth-century MS.

THE ROUND TABLE AND MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN'S DESK.

Not many books, however, have been printed in this type, but as to the beauty of it there can be no question. The older generation of classical scholars probably do not care to patronise any new form of type, for the schoolmaster, as a rule, is the most "conservative" of his race.

To this firm also the theologian must be deeply indebted, for they first introduced to him the works of Trench and Lightfoot, Vaughan, Maurice, Westcott and Hort, and a host of others of more modern date; while in the last few years they have started the "English Theological Library," which is intended to include either complete editions or selected portions of the writings of the principal English theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The general editor is the Rev. Frederic Relton, and the series already includes Law's "Serious Call," Wilson's "Maxims of Piety," and "The Works of Bishop Butler." Another series just issuing from the press is "A History of the English Church," in seven volumes, edited by the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. William Hunt, the initial volume being written by the latter well-known writer, and which was described by the reviewer in the *Expository Times* as "the beginning of a most attractive and promising series. It is authoritative. It is scientific. It appeals to the student and lover of the literature that lives." A notable series of books from the sacred Scriptures, presented in modern literary form, edited by R. G. Moulton, has lately been completed; and in the "Eversley Series" Mr. Mackail has arranged the Holy Bible in paragraphs.

We cannot attempt to give any adequate description of the works under the heading of "Literature." The most notable, however, in the section "History and Criticism," are the well-known "Classical Writers," edited by John Richard Green; the "History of English Literature," by Stopford Brooke, Saintsbury, and Gosse; the "History of Dramatic Literature," by Dr. Ward. In "Poetry and the Drama" we get Tennyson in every form, from the people's edition to the sumptuous library editions on hand-made paper; the Shakespeares in the "Cambridge," "Eversley," "Victoria," and "Globe" editions; the works of the present Poet Laureate, and others of minor fame. Under "Prose Fiction" we get the works of present-day novelists of renown, including Rudyard Kipling, Rosa Carey, Rolf Boldrewood, Marion Crawford, Charlotte Yonge, Mrs. Craik, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Henry Wood, Rhoda Broughton, James Lane Allen, J. H. Shorthouse, and others too numerous to mention; while under the heading of "Standard" authors we get the Border edition of Scott; the uniform edition of Dickens, with the interesting introductions by his son; and the popular series of "Illustrated Standard Novels," with the remarkable drawings of Hugh Thomson, Pegram, the Brocks and others. Under "Collected Works," we have the famous "Eversley Series" (a library in itself), the "Globe Library," and the "Golden Treasury Series." Last but not least is the new "Library of English Classics," which must be reckoned as one of the most perfect set of books ever issued. We are glad to find that Macmillan and Co. are using freely the beautiful fount of Caslon pica, which, after resting for a generation, has, within



the last few years, found a place again in the compositors' cases.

In "Medicine and Surgery," the "System of Medicine," edited by Dr. Clifford Allbutt, has received the unanimous approval of the medical press, and the two later Manuals

of Medicine and Surgery by Drs. Allchin and Stonham will no doubt find their way into the student's library.

In "Military Art and History" we find several works of permanent value, including the records of many of our recent campaigns. The most popular in this section, however, is the "Forty-one Years in India," by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts; and one of the most interesting is the "History of the British Army," by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, which we hope some day will be completed.

We now turn to books for the young, which, although not numerous, have in many instances been notable. The book that stands out as first favourite is "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," which, although published in 1865, and having appeared in many forms, shows no signs of being in the "sere and yellow leaf" period; the ever-delightful "Water Babies," the hardy annuals of Mrs. Molesworth, and the "April Baby's Tune-Book," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," published only last year.

Of illustrated books, we have had some of the choicest from Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and none which have so satisfied the public taste as the "Cranford Series." It was in this series that two artists of renown made their names famous—Randolph Caldecott and Hugh Thomson, the latter coming to the front just as Caldecott had finished his short career. The beauty and grace of Thomson's work is nowhere better seen than in "Cranford," and we are looking forward to the promised edition of Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," the drawings for which were completed just before Mr. Thomson's long and serious illness, from which we are glad to hear he is now recovering. Mr. Pennell's sketches in the "Highways and Byways Series" have added largely to the pleasure of tourists who prefer this series of guides to those of the usual type. North Wales, Cornwall, Yorkshire, and East Anglia have already appeared, and we hear that the "Lake District" is preparing for publication. Pennell's "Pen and Pen-Drawing," Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers" were also important works; and last year the firm produced one of the most sumptuous art books of any time in "Eighteenth Century Colour Prints," which contained some examples, reproduced from original colour prints, which clearly proved that the so-called "lost" art of colour printing is not dead after all. This is a revival which all art lovers must be thankful for, except those, perhaps, who are owners of some of the originals. Another illustrated book which has had a great sale is Green's "History of the English People;" this will be cherished in years to come as one of the last works of the nineteenth century in which the wood engraver played a prominent part.

The magazine and periodical literature of this firm is varied and excellent. From them we get *Temple Bar*, *The Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *The School World*, *Journal of Theological Studies*, *Brain*, *Nature*, *The Jewish Quarterly*, *The Empire Review*, and many others. *Macmillan's Magazine*, which claims to be the first shilling magazine, is still one of the most readable of the monthlies, but this title apparently was not the first one chosen for it. We are permitted to produce the facsimile of a wrapper which was set up as a specimen before the magazine was published, entitled *The Round Table*. We also give an illustration of a round table, to which attaches an interesting history. It was Mr. Alexander Macmillan's habit to have evenings "at home" in the old quarters at Henrietta Street, and it was at this table that the affairs of the literary world were discussed. The men of note who assembled on these interesting occasions inscribed their names in ink on the edge of this table, which is made of oak, and although some have been obliterated others remain, including Tennyson.

SIGNATURES OF THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT THE "NATURE" DINNER, NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

Coventry Patmore, C. E. Bowen, G. S. Venables, J. S. Blackie, F. Lushington, Herbert Spencer, David Masson, F. T. Palgrave, Alfred Ainger, and many others.

It was while sitting round this table that the publication of the magazine was discussed, and the first title was suggested.

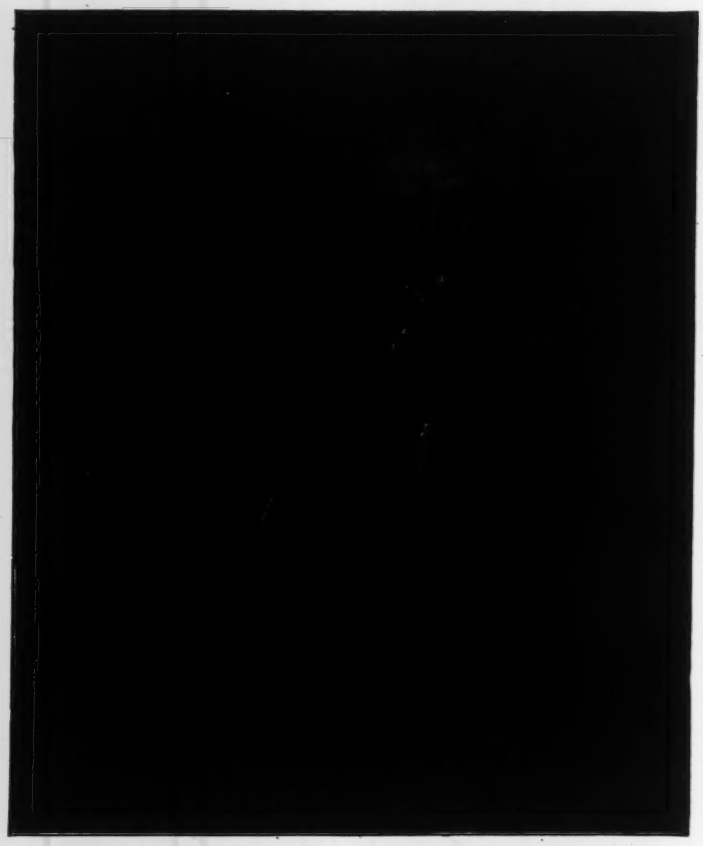
As we have already described in our columns the St. Martin's Street abode of Macmillan and Co., it is not necessary to again refer to it, but we give a few illustrations of various parts of the building which will no doubt be of interest. In the view of the porch the original monogram of the firm will be noticed, and we also give a block of this which was originally designed by Dr. Sebastian Evans.

We have not referred to the Macmillan Company of New York, whose publications are for the most part also pub-

lished by the London House, because that "is another story," and would take long to tell, but the position now occupied by the firm in America is a very important one. It has been said that the architect of St. Martin's Street premises is already engaged upon the plans for a branch house in another part of the world, and we fully expect that wherever the English language is spoken there you will find Macmillan and Co.—some day.

ANTHONY HOPE.

AMONG the accomplished entertainers of our present-day fiction Mr. Hope is prince. He is pointed out at once to the inquiring stranger who asks after our agreeable writers. We are almost inordinately proud of him in this respect; we smile complacently across the Channel, and defiantly ask those who hanker after foreign brands, "Is it grace you want, or quick wit, or well-mannered brevity, and decorous levity, and all that sort of thing? Well, here they are, and in somebody who doesn't despise his own country, but deigns to find his best material at home. We have had bad imitations of Gyp by the score; and they have striven to plant Lavedan amongst us—with dreary results. But here is a thing of native growth, yet free from clumsiness, from overstress and overstrain and all the other unsocial faults said to beset our fiction." Of course, with this boast on our lips—a very new one for us—we have mostly "The Dolly Dialogues" in our minds—and perhaps from these "A Quick Change" stands out for its unrivalled way of telling a story by elliptical allusion—but we are impelled also to pride on this score by the general air of lightness that pervades even the books with something like a tragedy in them. It is of his cleverness, when he is merely, if marvellously, clever, that his readers seem specially proud, to judge by their comments. "The other fellows can provide profundity and all that sort of thing," they seem to say. Mr. Hope's particular kind of playfulness pleases us, though fifteen or twenty years ago it might have incurred serious reproach, for his decorum does not imply prudishness. Our tastes have changed, and he has risen to flatter them—flatter them is the word. Mr. Hope is a writer very much of his time. Yet if another age judge us by his productions, it will, in some respects, judge us much too favourably. Our society is not so nimble-witted, nor so graceful, as he paints it, but he has admirably reflected its ideal, which is never to be dull. When we are presented by a master who makes no mistakes in setting or in accent, who knows all our habits, prejudices, predilections, and shades, we say this must be reality—even when we see ourselves in his pages with all our dowdiness omitted. A delightful writer! And his flattery has, no doubt, practical results outside literature. We strive hard to realise our own ideal now that it shows so attractively in Mr. Hope's fiction; and we are a little more intolerant than we used to be of the heavy and the obvious in our friends' conversation. Of its literary effect there is no question. The society novel, which had sunk terribly low, again aims at being a thing of art, following its latest master as best it can. His style being too well-mannered to have many seizable mannerisms, imitation is not easy.



MR. GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

The central fact about Mr. Hope is his instinctive feeling of the temper of the time—among the educated classes of his own country. This explains in part his immediate and unquestioned success. If he had been less sensitive, more indifferent to this, it is conceivable he might have been a greater writer; but then he might have been unread, which would be a pity. It is very idle imagining him without qualities, which seem of the essence of his being. No doubt he has aimed at popularity; but he has probably much less consciously studied than he has been unconsciously impelled by our prevailing tastes. English society has lately had the new ambition to be vivacious. In depicting it so, by dint of combined amiability and art, he is on his own ground. England has also in recent years become spasmodically enamoured of the "strong man," the dictator in commerce or public life, to an extent that makes her strictures on

ANTHONY HOPE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Russell & Sons.
Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill S.W.
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

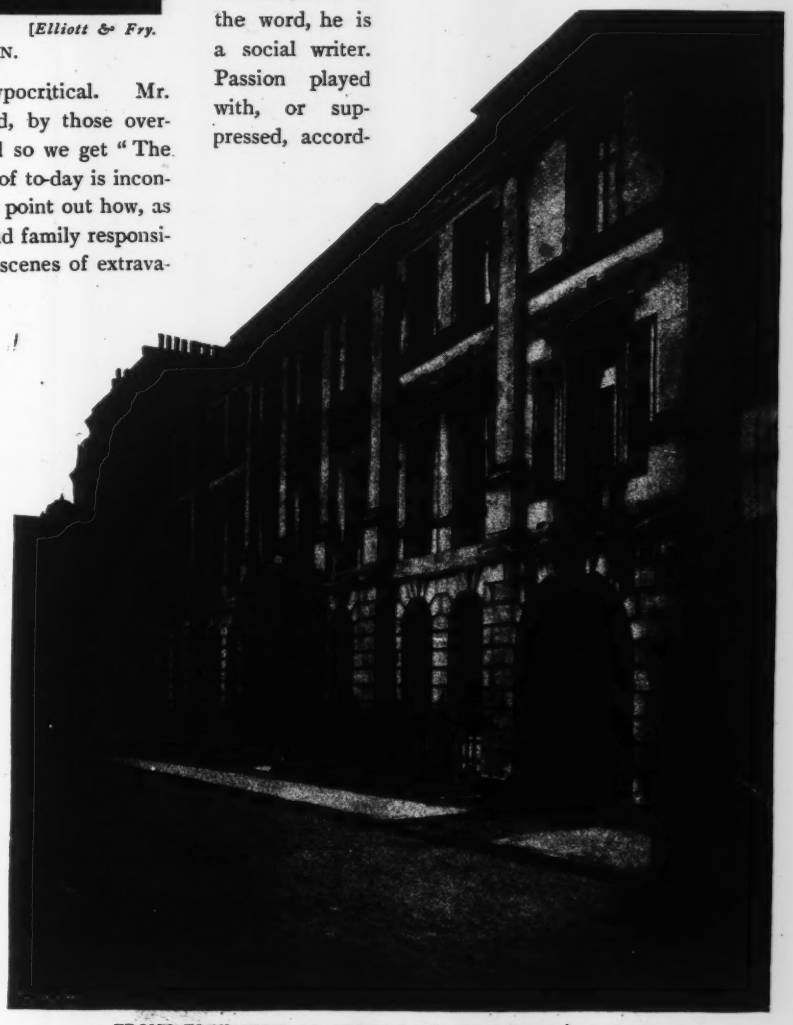
From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. FREDERICK MACMILLAN.

certain French adventures somewhat hypocritical. Mr. Hope, too, is fascinated, if not attracted, by those overbearing, insistent, Juggernaut heroes, and so we get "The God in the Car." Then the ordinary life of to-day is incontestably dull; and it is a commonplace to point out how, as a result, sober, grown men, with offices and family responsibilities, seek books that present to them scenes of extravagant adventure and romance, just as the younger ones run to South Africa, not to extend the Empire, but to get off high stools, and for the fun of the thing. Mr. Hope has watched the need, and provided for it. But probably once, at least, he felt the need himself too, or there would have been less *verve* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Again, politics play a great part in English social life where—perhaps because we are still too happy and prosperous—literature, art, and philosophy play hardly any part at all. Thus our political dramas are not enacted in a corner, but touch all kinds of private persons and private interests. A political career is, therefore, a field for the play of passion and character, unrivalled so far as England is concerned. Mr. Hope has somewhere—I think in "A King's Mirror"—alluded to the neglect of the politician by the literary person, who usually looks on him as a mere hireling of one mob or another. Mr. Hope knows better. He has not despised the public arena himself, has watched the game at close quarters, and his experience there has coloured all his more serious work from "Half a Hero" to "Quisanté."

So there are, at least, three Mr. Hopes, each answering a call of the time. The second is, I think, the shakiest. Historical romance and the romance of adventure generally, attract him. But I do not think this vein is very rich in him. Against "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its good second, "Rupert of Hentzau," where the subjects have seized on his imagination and his imagination has worked with vigour and subtlety, there are several failures to be put. Nearly the whole of his second best work comes under this heading—"Simon Dale," that very middling specimen of the Nell Gwyn fiction; "Proso;" "The Chronicles of Count Antonio"—his worst book—and "The Heart of Princess Osra." In all these the fancy seems tired, or unwillingly following a fashion rather than an impulse. We are the more intolerant that the supply of fairly good stories of this order is practically inexhaustible, and Mr. Hope is not called on to provide any more. I count in this section neither "A Man of Mark," that rollicking story of a farcical revolution, nor that delicate and pathetic revelation of kingship, "A King's Mirror."

The best of his art is devoted exclusively to the representation of men and women in conventional life. In the French sense of the word, he is a social writer. Passion played with, or suppressed, accord-



FRONT ELEVATION OF PREMISES IN ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

ing to social dictates; amusement and gaiety whimsically, ingeniously extracted from circumstances determined by all kinds of artifices and traditions; the untrammelled, the unconventional, the rebellious person always set in the narrow sphere of the drawing-room, to the confusion of the well-dressed, nice-mannered people there, and to his own bewilderment—these are Mr. Hope's subjects. We almost gain the impression—hardly an accurate one—that not the unconventional person, but that person's dramatic appearance in a field that hampers him, is his chief interest. No, it is only Mr. Hope's comedy and his courtly way of suggesting tragedy. Strong natures moulded outside society, contending not with traditional morality so much as with the received manners of the day—that is the special material of his tragi-comic novel of manners. Ruston was too aggressive a personality to appear ill at ease among the Dennisons and the Semingham; and his passion for Maggie was warm and genuine. But she belonged to a world bounded as his was not; and the parting that nearly breaks her heart has something of relief in it for him. He is free. But this does not preclude his feeling very lonely, nevertheless, when he is the "God in the Car." Note that the glimpse of Ruston in his freedom is of the briefest. The colonial politician in "Half a Hero" makes a mistake, which only becomes tragical so far as his abilities push him out of his native world into the sphere of the strict conventions. Quisanté, far more brilliant than any of those who look down on him in the society he knows so well the use of, has even an undue share of the arrogant obtuseness of the "strong man." But even he fumbles and frets and fumes over the vague wide difference between himself and the other, a difference which brains cannot bridge over; and he is pathetically anxious for the good opinion of the wife whose susceptibilities he hurts every hour. But here the tragedy is unequally shared. His is not the worst part. The most suffering is that of the woman, who has the keen scent of her class for a cad, who is never deluded into thinking him an honourable gentleman, yet who rises into a kind of hero-worship for her brilliant and impossible husband. Her triumph over all her education and surroundings is a martyrdom.

But though you find this kind of tragedy persistent in his more serious books, do not imagine them the work of a rebel. There is not a word of rebellion from first to last. His is rather the attitude of Augustin in "A King's Mirror," a philosophical recognition of the claims of society existing alongside strong desires which society cannot satisfy.

BOARD ROOM, ST. MARTIN'S STREET, SHOWING PORTRAITS, DRAWN BY SANDYS, OF DEAN CHURCH, J. H. SHORTHOUSE, BISHOP WESTCOTT, TENNYSON, ARNOLD, AND LOWELL.

A world less well-bred than the one of his imaginings, he evidently does not long for—at least, he does not care to depict. He would miss, for his art's sake, the leisure for the play of whim and flirtation and caprice. The conventions that rule us he would seem to regard much as certain poets, greedy of difficulty, regard the laws of the sonnet as an opportunity for triumph. Life is not made altogether flat, he would prove, by restrictions of class and of breeding. Nor is passion frozen, nor individuality killed. Force is turned to subtlety—that is all. If we could speak everything outright, what would become of the fine shades? And life without fine shades is not interesting, but only barbaric. So, it may be roughly said, a drawing-room is the background for all his strongest work. When he allows himself a freer atmosphere and some Bohemian latitude, as in "A Change of Air," he is less successful. Readers, even those he charms, are apt to call him artificial, but with insufficient

From Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

reason unless they refer to his romances of adventure. Strong individualities attract him, only he never takes them out to the freedom of the wild. He never seeks the wild, or if he does, he leaves his pen behind. So they cannot sob, or howl, or lengthily soliloquise, or be their own untrammelled selves. Their powerful selves are pent up in dress-coats, and are judged by and have to conquer persons who instinctively dislike them and think them vulgar and low. All the poetry of passion has to be abandoned in his chosen environment, but not the warfare. The drawing-room is an excellent school-of-arms.

As a pre-eminently social writer, women should play a great part in his dramas. So they do. But the burden of the acting is put on a very few types, repeated again and again with graceful, interesting variations. We have Dolly many times over. Change her circumstances, her necessities, the prevailing morality of her time and place, and she holds the stage in "A Man of Mark," in "A Change of Air," in "Simon Dale," and in "The Indiscretion of the Duchess." Of the women of more substantial qualities, only one type counts for much. She, too, is fair and of enticing exterior—plain and dull women are banished from his world—and she is of the ruling class. But her chief characteristic is her sturdily faithful heart. She is passionate and tempted by passion, but her sense of honour wins. She is likewise a worshipper of the "strong man." Such are Flavia, Maggie, and May Gaston, wholesome and dignified women, but lacking in variety. Thus, though in the play of drawing-room chatter where the woman is queen his light comedy is faultless, it is in the portraiture of his own sex Mr. Hope proves himself a serious and skilful painter of human character. "The good in wicked folk, the depth in shallow folk, the designs of haphazard minds, the impulsive follies of the cunning," he has chronicled with skill. But best of all has he succeeded in depicting the man gifted above his fellows in a tight place, one of those tight places in which modern society, for good and ill, confines all who come within her sphere, without respect to their idiosyncrasies, it is an admirable psychologist that has written "Half a Hero," "A King's Mirror," "The God in the Car," and "Quisanté." A philosopher, too, if philosophy be the impartial watching of contending natures and principles without the hot-headed espousal of one that means fist-shaking at the other. But philosopher is too chilly, and psychologist too heavy a name for Mr. Hope. His pity for the victims of the misfits and the impossible combinations of life is indeed poignant, though he will not let his stricken heroes storm and rave at heaven. Complaint might lead to whining, and whining is ill-bred. As host in the particular salon he conducts, he knows that the dining, and the dancing, and the light play of manners must go on. The merely serious or the tragic person must not hold the room for more than the space of time he can decorously startle or amuse it. But at least Mr. Hope, by his knowledge of the laws of the game, ensures their being brought on the scene, with due restrictions. And their leaven works. The unseen working of the leaven is everything, only the other guests mustn't be told that.

Such a system does not tend to produce a great gallery of individual portraits: ends rather in the representation of strange combinations, severed rudely sometimes by circumstance, which will not endure their strangeness, but abiding in union in the imagination of the reader. It is a man with a deep insight into the tragic chances of life that has mated May Gaston and Quisanté. A. M.

MR. MAURICE C. MACMILLAN.

THE FAR EAST-END.*

HERE in this volume is a task completed on which many a one might start and find good excuse for putting aside. To deal with the East End in the large and in the complete is no effort to be settled whilst breakfast is being prepared; it is a big business, and Sir Walter Besant has entered upon it in a big way. He has made a stout, important book of three hundred and fifty-eight pages on a subject which most of us can only touch by detached sketches; it is an achievement well worth doing, and worth doing well. Sometimes there may seem a lack of vividness in the presentation of an incident; a situation which should speak of to-day has a mediæval accent; but the volume is

STAIRCASE AND CORRIDOR, ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

on the whole more agreeable for being pitched in this key than if it had started on a topmost note, to be sustained throughout the book. For this alone, in a screaming age of descriptive writing, our thanks.

The East End, Sir Walter Besant remarks in an early chapter, has no history. Fortunately, on this point he is open to conviction; some of the most interesting pages are devoted to the happenings of gone centuries, when Ratcliffe was Redcliffe and Stepney was Stebenhithe, and it is in the exercise of projection of the mind into the past that Sir Walter is head-master. He has pupils, but they are all young, and his position is secure. He has ever a cheerful outlook. There is throughout the book the genial sympathy indispensable to those who would see their East End clearly. One may begin investigations with a fine air of contempt, the attitude of "How clever I am, and how foolish these people be," but this has to be discarded if one wishes to learn the people and get at the backs of their heads. Sir Walter Besant knows the truth, at which the superficial observer guesses, and guesses wrongly. In the chapter called "The Key of the Street," his remarks on the little people prove this, and the deluded visitor who, seeing youngsters imitate the behaviour of drunken people, thereupon wrote of the tipsy depravity of Shadwell children, is gently set right. Indeed, the infants obtain most of their pleasure by giving representations of adult eccentricities. I once saw an excellent old lady cross the road to speak to some shrill-voiced youngsters. "What a pity it is, my dears," she said regretfully, "that you can't play without quarrelling." The six-year-old leader explained: "It's all right, lady; we're on'y playing at fawthers and mothers." This blessed gift of extracting the last drop of humour from apparently arid situations makes their little lives endurable. Perhaps Sir Walter Besant is most happy, and he certainly makes us happiest, when he writes of the river, of its stairs, its docks, its foreign seamen. "It was at Limehouse Hole," he says, "that Rogue Riderhood lived." Strange to think that the only person to be noted in connection with this district is one invented by the great master. Perhaps Chapter V., on "The Factory Girl," scarcely (to use the well-worn phrase) palpitates with actuality, but it has a description of the furniture of a tenement room in which her people live that is most admirable:

"On each side of the glass shade are arranged the cups and saucers, plates and drinking glasses, belonging to the family. There are also exhibited with pride all the bottles of medicine recently taken by the various members."

The food given to the girl when a tiny infant is described with exactitude. (I, albeit a bachelor amateur, once dared to suggest to an East End mother that instead of giving her six-months-old baby sips of beer and a piece of roast pork, she should consider the suitability of—say, for instance, milk. "Oh, no," she said, loftily, "the little dear has what we 'ave.") This factory girl at the age of seventeen finds a sweetheart, who introduces himself with the words, "I've seen you here before. What's your name? Mine is George." This, I fear, was a case of exceptional courtesy; in a general way the introduction is made by words of defiance on both sides, a manner adhered to throughout the courtship. In the chapter on "The Submerged" is a description of a file of sandwich men, which will remain long in the memory:

"They never talk, there is no exchange of jokes, they never chaff the workmen or the girls or the lads, or the drivers who threaten to run over them; on the other hand, no one chaffs them; they are by common consent held sacred as men in the world, but not of the world."

In all the book there is no sign of hysteria, and when the author quotes examples of this on the part of others, it is only to ejaculate the very proper and the very appropriate remark, "Rubbish!" He urges that public dancing halls might be instituted; the drawback, as he himself must have found, is that the exclusiveness of various sets in a military town is as nothing compared with the lofty reserve shown by one class of East End girl towards another. A jet-worker, for instance, would not willingly attend a dance where she might endure risk of standing up in a set with a girl from the jam factory.

Mr. Phil May's illustrations are nearly all of his best, and Mr. Raven Hill's "On Margate Sands" atones for his

* "East London." By Sir Walter Besant. 18s. (Chatto and Windus.)

picture of what are incorrectly termed Hooligans armed with knives; a scene that hints at Corsica rather than St. George's-street East. If the pen-and-ink drawings of streets and houses by another artist appear in some cases unconvincing, this is partly because they are fitted with a monotonous background of solid wooden clouds. To adopt the American spelling which leaps to the eyes in the volume, one may say that the traveler finds offense in the center of this book by drawings which suggest the theater. But these are small matters, and the book may be closed with this remark,—that not one of us knows so much of the East End that he may not learn something from Sir Walter Besant.

W. PETT RIDGE.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE.

From a Photograph specially taken for "The Bookman" by Elliott & Fry, April, 1901.

NEW BOOKS.

THE OXFORD ANTHOLOGY.*

It would be a great injustice to Mr. Quiller-Couch's anthology to compare it with such a collection as "The Golden Treasury." Mr. Palgrave's aim was to present nothing but what deserved the character of exquisite; and, so great is the wealth of our language in the finest lyrical poetry, that he has been able to fill a volume of fair dimensions with pieces rarely if ever falling short of this distinction. But in achieving this aim he has necessarily ignored many periods, many schools, and very many poets. Mr. Quiller-Couch's object is to present a miniature panorama of English, including American, poetry from the thirteenth century to our time, and for him, of course, the attainment of such a standard as Mr. Palgrave's is impossible. The point to be considered is whether he has succeeded in reconciling the execution of his own project with an approximation to Mr. Palgrave's; whether the individual objects in his panorama, if not, as they could not be, invariably first-rate, are yet in general beautiful. We have no hesitation in pronouncing that he has admirably succeeded in uniting the educational motive with the æsthetic. His anthology is a faithful guide to the development of English lyrical poetry, and at the same time a collection of pieces most of which are fairly entitled to the character of choice, though only a limited proportion can be appraised as exquisite.

The critic of an anthology who descends from generals to particulars must expect to find his mouth shut by the maxim *de gustibus*. There is no getting over this save by an appeal, when appeal is possible, to another universal maxim, *Vox populi, vox Dei*. The general voice, we apprehend, will condemn the omission of such gems as Blake's "How sweet I roamed," and Darley's "It is not Beauty I demand," or the inclusion of pieces of Wordsworth's sonnet-work by comparison so inferior as Nos. 540 and 541. We do not feel so sure of carrying the world with us in deploring the absence of what appears to us Tennyson's high-water mark in "I have led her home," or Campbell's "Soldier's Dream," as consummate an example of pathos as his martial lyrics are of energy; or his lines to Kemble, a matchless example of a peculiar kind of excellence rare in English poetry. We entirely allow that the dimensions of Mr. Quiller-Couch's volume are even more ample than could have been reasonably expected; but it is not the least advantage of the insertion of good poetry that it helps to crowd indifferent poetry out. The insertion of Darley's marvellous imitation of seventeenth century poetry, for instance, would have dispensed with the very inferior pieces written in his own name, and have abolished the tedious conceits of Crashaw's verses "to his supposed mistress," a pretty trifle enough if the writer had been content with the first five stanzas. If Mr. Quiller-Couch had given—and how he failed to give is to us incomprehensible—Emerson's two masterpieces, "Not from a vain or shallow thought," and "The Rhodora," he would have

* "The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1900." Chosen and Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.)

perceived that the pieces he has selected were no fit company for these, and, as these latter are shorter as well as better, he would have economised paper and print.

Every anthology ought to have its surprises in the discovery and exhibition of unknown or unregarded excellence. Mr. Quiller-Couch's numerous successes in this department are naturally chiefly to be found among the anonymous pieces; and none is more conspicuous than the charming Christmas carol of the Seven Virgins (No. 382). He has, nevertheless, been almost equally felicitous in producing little-known pieces from well-known writers. We could hardly have expected from Thomas Carew any such near approach to his incomparable "Ask me no more," so unaccountably omitted from "The Golden Treasury," as is afforded by the "Persuasions to Joy," immediately following it in Mr. Quiller-Couch's collection. A pair of charming lyrics from Crabbe will surprise the great majority to whom he is known only as a narrative poet. Wolfe's exquisite lines "To Mary" have the place which befits them side by side with the more famous but not more beautiful "Burial of Sir John Moore." Akenside's lines to the Nightingale do not precisely pair with Keats's and Coleridge's, but are nevertheless interesting as an example of an eighteenth century treatment of the theme, and merit preservation, were it but for the poet's noble daring in making "Muse" rhyme with "boughs." This is indeed to extend the empire of poetry! Coming to more recent times, it is painful to observe how Mr. Quiller-Couch has sometimes been shackled by the exigencies of copyright. He cannot consider Christina Rossetti a greater poet than her brother, yet the former has eleven poems to the latter's one, and this reprinted from an early and imperfect version. We are inclined to suggest that, as the youthful Tennyson put some of his stanzas into notes, indicating the places in the body of the poem where they ought to have been, the pieces thus churlishly denied should be denoted by blanks, with suitable anathemas on the illiberality of the owners of the copyright.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has, we think, been well advised in refraining from the annotation which adds a charm to anthologies formed upon the plan of "The Golden Treasury." A few pages of information respecting little-known authors and the *provenance* of anonymous pieces would nevertheless have been acceptable. He has shown good sense in adopting modern orthography throughout, except in the cases of Spenser and Milton, who, "to conciliate scholars," are exhibited to the twentieth century in this fashion:—

> The Oracles are *dumm*,
> No voice or hideous *humm*.

Hideous indeed!

We lack the intrepidity to follow Mr. Quiller-Couch into the most perilous part of his labours. He has actually ventured to include contemporary poets, and has doubtless had ample occasion to ponder Carlyle's dictum touching the superiority, from certain points of view, of dead horses to live ones.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE.
Specially taken for "The Bookman" by Elliott & Fry, April, 1901.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS' PLAIN TRUTHS.*

These revised and reprinted essays are, we suppose, called "Ephemera" because they appeared originally in journals. Otherwise they are scarcely ephemeral. Certainly not in their origin, for several suggest years of observant reading, and weeks spent in preparation and revision of materials. Most certainly not in their style and tone, which in no way recall the sportive graces of the butterfly, but rather the ant, with his grim earnestness, his tenacious grasp—and his formic acid. Nor yet, as a rule, in their subjects.

Erudite and sympathetic criticisms of the great classics, ancient and modern, must claim some reflection of their permanence. Such are several of the essays, the best by far being that on the "Religion of Shakespeare," which displays a philosophical range and insight for which we were hardly prepared. Firmly based on the historical method, soundly reasoned, copiously and felicitously illustrated, and expressed with persuasive vigour, this little essay should be final. Here in a nutshell we have the whole obtainable truth, and nothing but the truth, on the question of how far the greatest of the Elizabethans shared, and how far transcended, the attitude of his contemporaries to the strange complex of Elizabethan religion and politics. The other two Shakesperian papers vindicate, but magnify overmuch the very mild scepticism of Mr. Sidney Lee. Scholars who are turning from the letter to the spirit of the ancients will relish the paper on Catullus, especially the comparison with Propertius, Horace, Martial, and Shakespeare, which is a consummate specimen of literary criticism, though for old sake's sake one hates to see the Odes of Horace dragged down to their proper place. Mr. Collins' arguments on Catullus' Lesbia and Shakespeare's "Dark Lady" we utterly reject. The parallels he cites are certainly startling, but is it quite certain that Shakespeare never met the passages in written or oral translation?

Like all enthusiasts, Mr. Collins is sometimes apt to read too much into his author. His version of the elegy on Quintilia most faithfully reproduces every delicate shade of its pathos. Why? Because he is an adept in human nature. But turn to Catullus' vision of sunrise on the sea. The "Zephyrus proclivas incitat undas, Aurora exoriente, vagi sub lumine solis," by forcing the connection of "sub" with "proclivas" acquires a distinct flavour of Ruskin upon Turner, thus, "stirs it into slanting waves up against the glow of the travelling sun." As if Catullus was concerned with our angles of incidence and double reflections! On the other hand, Mr. Collins ignores the pretty "Aurora exoriente," and in the "vagi" sees only the upward march of the sun. Is it not rather an exquisite suggestion of that ethereal glamour we feel as the sun rises, buoyed on tremulous vapour, and seems to pause in surprise and hesitation at the utmost verge of its shimmering track? Further on, we miss sadly the laughing refrain of "leviterque sonant plangore cachinni" in "the

* "Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature." By J. Churton Collins. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

plash of their ripples is not loud." But all this brings us to the review of Palgrave's "Landscape in Poetry," which Mr. Collins' wide reading and enviable memory enable him to bury under a heap of added references and quotations. He

From Photo by] [*Fradelle & Young.*

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE.

is no professional scholar, but how many of those erudite pundits whose academical trade is the classical texts could, for the mere purposes of a review, run over their reminiscences, not only of the stock authors, but of the books and fragments "not usually read," and reap for us so copious a harvest? Most of his quotations are apt—some most pregnant. Take one instance. In Aleman's charming description of the kingfisher Palgrave by a strange slip had translated "νηλεγὲς ἦτορ ἔχων," "in his feeble age." Mr. Collins in correcting this to "reckless heart," instantly compares Byron's "with all her reckless birds upon the wing." But all he praises, we cannot praise. Thus his morning scene in Accius merely shows some observation in the "rorulentas terras rufidas" under the plough, and the storm from Pacuvius is a conventional storm and nothing more. We see small felicity in the passages from Thomson, and Prior's "rocks in ever-wild posture of falling" are as theatrical as Salvator Rosa's. Why these erratic judgments? Because the critic is here out of his element. By instinct and habit his attention is passionately concentrated on literature and on human nature as illustrating and illustrated by literature. The rest to him is silence. He will follow his author into uncongenial climes—art, nature, science, politics—with faithful industry and truth-seeking, but there enthusiasm slumbers and instinct is dumb. Hence his limitations—hence his magisterial power as a critic and exponent of pure literature.

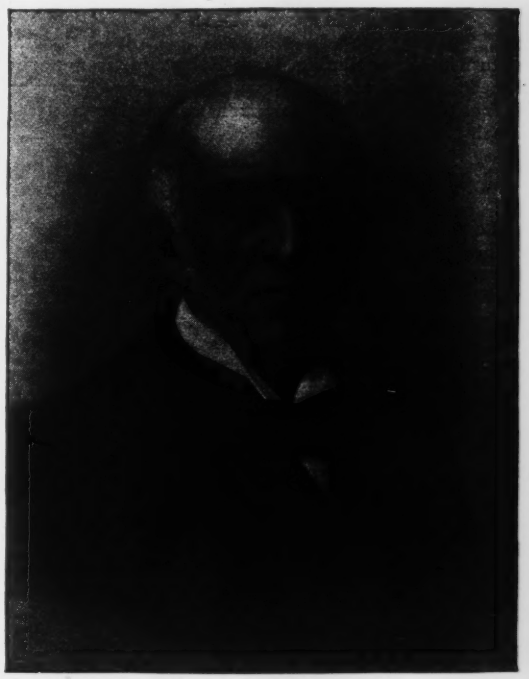
The paper on the "Principles of Criticism" deserves careful study. Most of the others are nominally reviews of books, the good ones sometimes a little over-praised, but their faults always pointed out, while what good there is in the bad ones is never ignored. The most worthless often suggest something valuable. Thus, as Mr. Collins long ago routed the detractors of Theobald and Chesterfield, so now he shatters the baseless belief that Pope was the reviser of Thomson's Seasons. His marshalling of internal evidence for Thomson's authorship of "Rule Britannia" is triumphant. Good Scots may chafe at the clipping of Dunbar's overgrown laurels, but will relish in "Literary Iconoclasm" the sturdy vindication of their royal poet's claim to the "Kingis Quair."

There remains a group of papers, too polemical for this cursory notice, dealing with the neglect of Literature by our Universities and with the literary abuses of the day. Enough to say that Mr. Collins' views have been formally endorsed by almost all of our literary authorities whose reputation is too assured for assault. They are shared by most honest students who enjoy the shelter of obscurity. By the teaching and writing professions they are bitterly resented. Naturally—perhaps justly. And among other reasons, for these.

First, these abuses are inevitable. Mr. Collins has two mutually destructive aims. He burns to preserve literature high and pure; he has sacrificed his life to diffuse it. Democratise literature—make the half-taught, unrefined Many the supreme tribunal: how can literature any longer appeal to an aristocracy of intellect, taste and manners? We must take the bad with the good.

Second, his denunciations are too vehement, too uniform, too disproportioned. Good causes have always been preached thus. And all this vehemence often about mere trifles! Yes, but to the reformer, the crusader, the propagandist, inspired with his cause, it is just these concrete trifles which sting, which madden, which symbolise the mass of Error too vast for words. But objurgation does little to reform. Thus all Mr. Collins' scoldings have not deterred Professor Saintsbury from undertaking a hopeless and monumental work; the clever irony of Dr. Garnett's eulogium may cause him to drop it and rest on his laurels.

Third, we all feel that Mr. Collins presumes too much on his wonderful memory in castigating our inaccuracies—sometimes trivial or venial slips. This severity springs from the same fanatical zeal. In his eyes to deny gravitation is a harmless error, to rank West above Titian a mere matter of opinion; but to ante-date "Comus" is a crime, and to misquote Hesiod mortal sin. Our obvious retort is a *tu quoque*, but he gives us no chance. By some miscarriage his late edition of Tennyson was printed unrevised and teeming with printer's errors. But, alas! the publishers in a formal announcement have exonerated him from all blame. It is easy to say, as it seems has been said, that the present book is full of mistakes. Only two, so far as we know, have been detected, both points of party politics, of which, by the way,



REV. E. C. HAWKINS,

Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and Father of Anthony Hope.

the author knows less than a Hottentot. In the one case he was quite right; the other was highly debateable. We ourselves have found none of any importance. If luckier searchers can discover any, by all means let us have them to gloat over. But we must be very careful. He may reply.

PRINCESS FLAVIA AND RUDOLF RASSENDYLL.
From an Illustration by Charles Dana Gibson.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. Reproduced by kind permission of J. W. Arrowsmith.

To return to the beginning, these Ephemera are not ephemeral, not things of a day—of our day, with which they are out of tune. Their value is as permanent records of a literary age, which is not all golden. M.

CICERO'S LETTERS.*

The Letters of Cicero possess not only high historical importance but also an almost unique charm. The twenty years over which they extend witnessed the foundation of the Roman Empire; the writer was one of the leading statesmen of the time; in literature his eminence is almost unrivalled; and his character, both in its weakness and its virtues, has a singular fascination. They stand, too, alone among the records of antiquity as a revelation of private thoughts never intended for publication, and, as we turn their pages, we seem transported into another world; an interval of two thousand years disappears, and we are face to face with the living actors in a great drama.

Here is Pompey just back from the East, and we can almost look over Cicero's shoulder as he jots down the words *Turbat Sampciceramus*, "The Great Mogul means mischief," for he is to marry the daughter of Cæsar, who, in consequence, will be enabled to conquer Gaul, land in Britain, and become altogether a person of weight. Here is a note to Atticus about the departure of that "sorry fellow," the millionaire Crassus, for Parthia, where he will be defeated at Abraham's old home in Haran and have molten gold poured down his greedy throat; while on the next page is a letter in which Cicero assures the same Crassus in most Ciceronian terms of his superlative devotion. Or, again, we see him passing as proconsul through those cities of Asia Minor which a century later were to hear a loftier eloquence even than his own; at Laodicea his reception is not "lukewarm" but "marvellously enthusiastic"; at Iconium he reviews his troops, but hurries off "on bad news from Parthia" to pitch his camp "on the very spot which Alexander had occupied" before the battle of Issus. Happily, however, the terror of his name is sufficient; "the rumour of our approach," he writes, "struck the enemy with dread," and this oddest of commanders—imagine Mr. Gladstone at the head of an army—is left sighing for Rome, the forum, and the senate-house. "*Urbem, urbem cole, mi Rufe,*" he cries to a correspondent, "*et in ista luce vive.*"

But the Rome to which he returns is no longer the Rome of his oratorical triumphs. Cæsar passes the Rubicon, and the world is in arms. On one side are genius, the Gallic legions, and a threatened despotism; on the other a pompous veteran, irresolute troops, and the venerable figure of the republic. Cicero is distracted, and he lays bare his troubled thoughts without reserve to his friend Atticus. Cæsar is most polite to him; "Cæsar *imperator* greets Cicero *imperator*," he writes—and could politeness go further?—in a letter where he begs him "to hold aloof from civil controversies"; he even keeps a collection of Ciceronian witticisms and can at once detect a forgery. In Pompey's camp, on the other hand, are a rabble of nobles who sneer at the upstart orator, while their chief has his character drawn for all time in two telling words—ἀπολιτικώτατος, ἀστρατηγικώτατος. Ultimately, however, patriotism prevails, and Cicero joins the losing side, receives a free pardon from the conqueror, and a year or two later tells how he entertained the great man at Puteoli: "he was not a guest whom you would press to stay with you on his way back," for he brought two thousand soldiers with him; but "he ate and drank fearlessly, being about to take medicine," and said "not a word about serious matters, but much about literature, and, in short, enjoyed himself." The scene is before us; and then we turn over a couple of letters and come upon this outburst: "*Tibi gratulor; mihi gaudeo; te amo.*" It is a note dashed off four months later by Cæsar's host to one of Cæsar's assassins. A year later the head and hands of Cicero himself are to be seen upon the rostra. "*Mihi gaudeo,*" indeed!

Fascinating, however, as these volumes are to the student of human nature, vividly as they bring before us a distant past, yet to those who seek for a so-called "philosophy of history" they will only cause perplexity. Purely individual motives of vanity or ambition, passion or caprice, seem to guide the conduct of every actor on this great stage. The web of the world's destiny is being woven, but those who weave it seem to have no knowledge of its design, and their acts appear an inextricable tangle directed only to paltry and personal ends. Cæsar alone stands out as a man with a purpose which he keeps persistently in view. He, for the most part, deserves the character which Brutus in Shakespeare gives him—

> "And to speak truth of Cæsar,
> I have not known when his affections swayed
> More than his reason."

And yet it was exactly "his affections" which proved his undoing and altered the course of history. If Cæsar desired to place a kingly crown upon his head, and so violate the strongest of Roman prejudices, it was because "the serpent of old Nile" was allowed to whisper temptation into her lover's ear. "I am glad the Queen has fled," writes Cicero after the murder; "her insolence when I saw her in Cæsar's villa beyond the Tiber was unbearable"; in short, "*Regi-*

DOLLY.
Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., from the *Windsor Magazine*, in which Mr. Anthony Hope's *New Dolly Dialogues* are being published.

* "Cicero's Letters." Translated by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. Four volumes. 5s. each. (London: George Bell and Sons, 1900.)

nam odi." These simple words reveal one chief cause of a great tragedy. "*Si le nez de Cléopâtre eût été plus court,*" says Pascal, "*toute la face de la terre aurait changé,*" and the reader of these letters will feel that the view of history thus brilliantly expressed has much to recommend it.

It only remains to add that Mr. Shuckburgh has done his work as a translator with exceptional care. To reproduce the art of such a master of style as Cicero would be impossible, but the translation is always sound and scholarly, while the historical introductions and notes are everywhere remarkably clear and to the point. The letters are so full of difficult allusions to literary and historical subjects that to read them without guidance is no easy task for even a professed student, but with Mr. Shuckburgh's help the average scholar may with equal pleasure and profit learn to know and love one of the most interesting monuments of the past. T. E. PAGE.

THE CASTLE OF ZENDA. BY HOWARD INCE.
(Reproduced from the *Architectural Review* by kind permission.)

A VINDICATION OF BOLINGBROKE.*

History seems to be a never-ending argument before juries freshly empannelled. "Who now reads Bolingbroke?" was the question ages ago. And, it is true, no one reads him. Only experts and connoisseurs of the period in which he blazed out know more than his name. Yet this Alcibiades-Pericles, whom Prince Posterity calls a sham and a tinsel rhetorician, lives in his descendants, the "high flying" Tories of the Primrose League. He inspired Disraeli, or infected him, with the principles we have studied in "Coningsby" and "Sybil." Certain of his pages beat time to the rhythms of Macaulay. Burke, who despised the man, caught his accent, which is unmistakable in the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs." Gibbon fell under his influence, and Voltaire was proud to have learned from him. If he was ever to be vindicated, now is the time, for we are breathing an air of Liberal-Whig-Toryism congenial to his "Patriot King." And in Mr. Sichel he has found an advocate with convictions, learning, literature, eloquence, steeped in the eighteenth century, not the least afraid to meet all comers, from Hallam even to Carlyle. One volume is here; a second is to follow. We shall hope for a very pretty passage at arms between the new champion and some duly-equipped maintainers of the regular Whig tradition, if any there be.

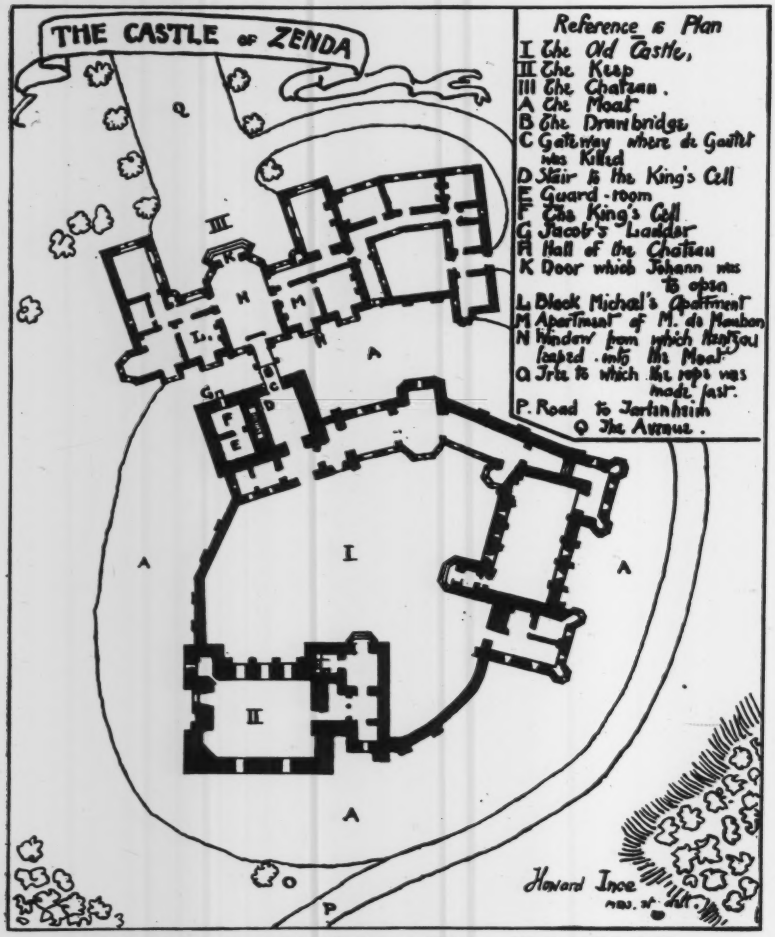
It is a most lively onset. Did not Bolingbroke's best man hate the Walpoles, we might hint that his tripping epigrams put us in mind of Horatio, Lord Orford, and his splendid bric-à-brac,—all movement, bustle, gaiety, glitter, and high spirits. Chapter III., on the London of Queen Anne, is a mosaic which Austin Dobson could have signed, and what higher praise may be given on such a subject? One feels what copious margins to Swift's "Journal" the author would cram with notes, pencil-sketches, vignettes, of all these witty, dissolute, French-English characters, so brilliant, so superficial, against the gloom of Dean Jonathan. No memory is equal to such a world of infinite details; but they carry us on wherever we start, and we do not much care whether St. John was guilty or innocent, Jacobite or "Whimsical," so long as we are amused with the parti-coloured pantomime. London was England then, a toy-box theatre, full of odd varieties. In every game Bolingbroke played on his own terms; he was a "volatile" solid, puzzling to the mob then and since, who understand none but serious heroes or scowling villains. At Versailles he would have been quite intelligible. In him there was a good strong infusion of the Regent Orleans, whom no English writer has ever comprehended. Our wicked great men are cast in other moulds.

What Mr. Sichel has to fear is that the jury will laugh too much, thanks to his strokes of humour, and decline to grow serious when he defends the Treaty of Utrecht. "Nothing can possibly extenuate the baseness of these proceedings," we read in the Encyclopædia now accessible to every Briton. Then it is far more delightful to believe in Esmond's Bolingbroke toasting the Pretender over his cups, than to allow that this consummate politician never knew his own mind, was but a shilly-shally Hanoverian after all, and could have dreamt of George I. keeping the Tories in power. Honestly, the case which is made out on behalf of St. John looks very plausible; but if it whitens his character, it says little for his grasp of the position. We know that Swift was nothing of a Jacobite, and that his faith in Bolingbroke did not waver. If his conduct in these critical years "had been equal to his natural and acquired talents," Swift said that "he would justly have merited the title of all-accomplished." Precisely. But his

* "Bolingbroke and his Times." By Walter Sichel. 12s. 6d. (London: Nisbet and Co.)

conduct, political no less than personal, is the weak spot in this Alcibiades. Should we grant with Carlyle that the Treaty of Utrecht, "after such quantities of powder burnt and courageous lives wasted," amounts to a "general As-you-were," then the wonderful statesman achieved only himself, and his exploits were a flash in the pan. Too hard a judgment? Undoubtedly there is something to be said in arrest of it.

As a piece of literature, this entertaining work is highly successful; and though few will read more of St. John's writings than they find here, all this, we think, they will read with pleasure. We could have borne to hear everything Swift writes about Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Arbuthnot, well as we know it; the author's plan led him to new sources, and those will appreciate him best who are deepest in the flying sheets,


THE CASTLE OF ZENDA
Reference to Plan
I The Old Castle,
II The Keep
III The Chateau.
A The Moat
B The Drawbridge
C Gateway where de Gautet was Killed
D Stair to the King's Cell
E Guard-room
F The King's Cell
G Jacob's Ladder
H Hall of the Chateau
K Door which Johann was to open
L Black Michal's Apartment
M Apartment of M. de Mauban
N Window from which Rassau leaped into the Moat
O Iron to which the rope was made fast.
P. Road to Jarlsheim
Q The Avenue.
Howard Ince

GROUND PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF ZENDA. BY HOWARD INCE.
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society verses, pamphlets, and State papers of the time. "St. John's early days, his first wife's personality, his conduct preceding his flight, the interpretation and application of his many political works, the true state of parties, the full Guiscard episode, the plot of Eugene, the long labyrinth of the Utrecht negotiations, the death-scene of Queen Anne"—these are among Mr. Sichel's additions to stereotyped English history, all rendered with knowledge as well as with a vivacity which never once flags.

But the reward of an historian is when he corrects age-long errors, compels the popular mind to unlearn its legends, and reveals as worthy of admiration a figure which party malice or sheer stupidity has defaced. To attempt this with Bolingbroke, and in a time so seemingly familiar as that of Swift, Addison, and Pope, is the height of courage. Writers and readers will have to be persuaded, much against their will. To our insular fancy, the harlequin's jacket, flung over the shoulders of Bolingbroke or Beaconsfield, is a Nessus-shirt, eating away all seriousness, making the statesman's heroism impossible. The solid evaporates in the volatile. And yet—who knows? The great Whig era did, in some sort, come to an end. Prince Posterity wears primroses, and Bolingbroke may still be followed, though it seems unlikely that he will ever be read outside the covers of a biographer who, like the present one, fixes his volatile in graceful and attractive pictures of a modern-ancient world. WILLIAM BARRY.

BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS.*

The fifth volume of Mr. Prothero's edition of Byron's Letters and Journals covers the period from April, 1820, to December, 1821, about two months after his removal to Pisa, from which period he rarely produced anything entirely worthy of him. The later Ravenna period from the spring of 1820 onward had been brilliant, witnessing the production of "Cain," "Heaven and Earth," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," the fifth canto of "Don Juan," and "The Vision of Judgment," which last, although the author speaks of it as a trifle, Goethe regarded as his *ne plus ultra*. If any external circumstance needs to be invoked to explain the subsequent decline of his power, it must probably be found in the decline of his popularity.

> Juan was my Moscow, Faliero
> My Leipsic, and my Mont St. Jean seems Cain.

Like Edmund Kean, he felt that the obligation upon himself to act involved a corresponding obligation upon the audience to applaud. He was, in truth, unreasonable. He wanted to assail British institutions and British conventionalities, and to be at the same time as much the darling of the British public as when his works pleased everybody and offended none but envious rivals. He became puzzled and discouraged, and, equally unable to return to the old style or persevere with the new, wrote, for the short remainder of his life, his birthday verses and some of the more felicitous passages of the later cantos of "Don Juan" excepted, consistently below himself.

There is, however, nothing of this in the present volume, which exhibits Byron in a condition of perpetual pugnacity, fighting against Metternich in Italy, Castlereagh at home, Southey, who libels him, Murray and the Albemarle Street junto, who clip his wings, Lady Byron's trustees, who prohibit his investments, Allegra's mother, who wants to have a share in the bringing up of her daughter, Bowles and Keats, whose opinions on Pope displease him, and Elliston, who brings "Marino Faliero" on the stage without his permission (an atrocious proceeding). Byron's attitude in these various controversies is usually correct; the pity is that as soon as he quits his attitude and descends into the arena of strife he becomes nasty (there is no other word for it), and pelts his opponent with the first piece of irrelevant mud he can pick up. There is a remarkable instance here relating to Milman, which we wish had been suppressed; it is also a pity that editors have not followed Byron's own injunctions by omitting what he had inconsiderately said about Keats. This latter observation does not apply to Mr. Prothero, who cannot obliterate what his predecessors have perpetuated; it is also just to Byron to point out that, offensive as his remarks on Keats are, they are not prompted by any personal pique, but by his genuine veneration for Pope, towards whom Keats was by no means clear of offence. He afterwards made what atonement he could, and more, we suspect, than has hitherto been pointed out. Writing on the death of Shelley, August 8th, 1822, he says: "There is *another* man gone about whom the world was ill-naturedly, and ignorantly, and brutally mis-

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Letters and Journals. Vol. V. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. 6s. (John Murray.)

taken." This implies the recent death of some one else of whom the same could be said. Who could this be but Keats?

Byron's relations with Shelley form one of the most interesting episodes in the volume. They turn chiefly on the delicate question of Allegra, which, paradoxical as it may seem, perhaps contributed to keep these two most dissimilar men on fair terms by compelling them to adopt a more cautious and diplomatic style of intercourse than was natural to either. Shelley's good sense and right feeling are fully acknowledged by Mr. Prothero. Byron's communications to Shelley himself are unexceptionable; his observations behind the latter's back illustrate what has been said of his peculiar and unhappy way of punishing those who ruffled or thwarted him. Mr. Prothero, however, justly points out that the most serious charge against him in this connexion, that of failing to redeem his promise to transmit Mrs. Shelley's defence of her husband to the persons by whom the calumnies had been circulated, is incapable of strict proof. The letter *may* have been sent and returned; and the actions of one capable of such generous conduct as Byron frequently displayed should receive the most liberal construction possible.

The volume has several interesting additions, among which may be especially mentioned the first complete publication of Byron's "Detached Thoughts," written at Ravenna, which might pass for extracts from his letters, frank and buoyant as these, and equally illustrative of his intellectual vivacity and alertness, strong common sense, and almost infantine vanity and self-consciousness. Another interesting appendage includes Goethe's review of "Manfred," with his translations of scenes from that drama and of the first five stanzas of "Don Juan," which have not, we think, been heretofore published in England. They are in general very good, but contain one most amusing error. Goethe, mistaking "yoke" for "joke," renders "detested yoke" by "verwünschte Posse"!

Mr. Prothero's editing is as admirable as ever, diligent in research and economical in annotation, copious in illustrative particulars upon fitting occasion, but adding nothing for the mere sake of display. Perhaps he would have mentioned, had he been aware of it, that Taaffe, the butt and bore of the Pisan circle, had in his youth been the hero—much against his will, to be sure—of a highly romantic adventure, an account of which may be found in the trial relating to the Kingston peerage.

The illustrations include reproductions of Count D'Orsay's sketch of Byron, the Curran portrait of Shelley, Lawrence's portrait of Lady Blessington, and Mrs. Leigh Hunt's paper silhouette of Byron in riding costume.

RICHARD GARNETT.

GIBBON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

That the attention of a literary microscopist who has devoted many years to a detailed study of Dr. Johnson and produced a monograph upon every page of which a most profound and unswerving admiration for the great moralist is recorded, should be directed to a man like Gibbon would seem at first to be somewhat in the nature of a misadventure. Yet since leaving the bracing moral atmosphere of Johnson, Dr. Hill has already devoted himself to a literary presentation of Lord Chesterfield, and he has now merely passed on to a man of letters for whom similarly large allowances have to be made. A good deal of ironic tolerance would appear to be a necessary ingredient in any ideal editor of Gibbon, and Dr. Hill's natural austerity no less than his assimilation of Johnsonian standards of moral appreciation will not allow him to blink at the cold and erudite obscenity of Gibbon any more than at the persistent advice of Chesterfield to his son to transfer his attention from the conjugation of Greek to the subjugation of a determined Parisian coquette.

Some such considerations as these might lead an observer to apprehend that in the new editor of Gibbon, with the thoroughness of an Elwin in tracing the literary pedigree and unmasking the artifices of a Pope, might be united Elwin's inveterate dislike of and unconcealed delight in depreciating his author. But all such apprehensions would be entirely misplaced. Nor would it have been possible, we venture to assert, to have selected an editor with more complete felicity of choice. An Oxford man, knowing the Oxford of Gibbon's day much better than most Oxonians remember the Oxford of their own, of Gibbon's own methodical and systematic habit of work, of the same scrupulous exactness in collecting material and verifying references, a literary strategist who, in his edition of Boswell, has marshalled an army of facts and details comparable in some respects with Gibbon's own colossal body of compilation, and finally a nice regulator of time and health, who has, like Gibbon, sought a refuge upon "the Lake Leman" for the climate and the quiet indispensable to peaceful and protracted literary labour, Dr. Hill is certainly the one man who could have produced this edition of the Autobiography—an edition which, we hasten to say, well deserves to stand upon the shelf between Dr. Bury's "Decline and Fall" and Dr. Hill's own "Boswell." People may sneer at the eighteenth century as much as they like, but so long as after the interval of over a hundred years its *di majores* can enlist the services of such devoted editors as these, it can well afford to snap its fingers at the critical popinjays and quidnuncs of the twentieth century—and after.

SIMON DALE.

From an Illustration by W. St. J. Harper.

"'Drink, sir, drink!'

"Strained with excitement, I started at the order, and slopped some of the wine from the cup on my hand. I felt a strange burning where it fell; but again the King cried, 'Drink, sir!'

"I hesitated no more. Recalling my wandering wits and determining to play my part in the comedy, whatever it might mean, I bowed, cried 'God save your Majesty,' and raised the cup to my lips."

(*Simon Dale.* By Anthony Hope. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

About the "Autobiography" itself, or the man that it reflects, it is impossible in these limits to dilate. The subject of Gibbon's personality is one of perennial interest; the book ranks with the confessions of Pepys and Franklin, of Rous-

* "Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon." By Himself. Edited by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill. 6s. (Methuen.)

seau and Mark Pattison. No man has ever infused himself more into his style than Gibbon has done. Few passages in English prose are equally memorable with those in which Gibbon describes Magdalen College as it was when he adorned the ranks of its gentlemen commoners, or in which he pictures his emotions at the completion of his immortal

PHROSO.

"A Shot Whistled by Me."

From an Illustration by H. R. Millar.

"Down six steps I went, then the steps ended, and I was on an incline. At that moment I heard again, only a few yards from me, 'Help!' I sprang forward. A loud curse rang out, and a shot whistled by me."

(*Phroso.* By Anthony Hope. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

history. The rich endowments, the noble buildings, and the beautiful streams by which Oxford is encompassed (and which led a Frenchman to describe Oxford as a city of spires situated upon an island in the Thames) have always been a source of envy to strangers. Greene expressed the sentiments precisely in his "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" when he put the words into the mouth of the Emperor:—

Emp.—Trust me, Plantagenet (*i.e.*, Henry III.), these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river side:
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art:
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermart?

Vandermart.—That lordly are the buildings of the town,
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for aught *I* can hear!

And d'Holbach echoes this sentiment with singular exactitude in Gibbon's own day. "The colleges—sumptuous buildings—palaces to be compared to the Tuileries, are occupied by rich idlers who sleep and get drunk one part of the day and the rest they spend in training, clumsily enough, a parcel of uncouth lads to be clergymen." Gibbon fell among these Goths and Vandals, these men of mere erudition, and reproduced with the zeal of a convert their cosmopolitan and unsympathetic sneers against our historic seat of learning. To these crabbed spirits the very beauty of Oxford seems to give point and piquancy to their discovery that Oxford is not the indisputable apex of the intellectual world. A truer, more Arnoldian, note comes from Harvard, where we get Professor Ashley (Dr. Hill's son-in-law) exclaiming, "Of all the educational agencies at Oxford, Oxford itself is the most potent." Oxford, "adorable dreamer," with those "dreaming spires" that "need not June for beauty's heightening," has grown even more beautiful since Gibbon's time, and thrown off completely that afternoon tranquillity which he, perhaps excusably, mistook for torpor. No one could accuse Oxford of torpor now—nay, have we not Mark Pattison complaining of its busy turmoil—"the tone as of a lively municipal borough"? So difficult, so impossible to please are Oxford's greatest alumni!

Yet as far as English scholars go (for our country, alas! is not the nursing mother of great scholars), it may be doubted if Oxford has produced a better than one of Gibbon's contemporaries, Thomas Warton. Let Dr. Hill decide. No one is better qualified to judge, or better acquainted with the scholars of old-time Oxford than he is. Nay, he is one of that identical eighteenth century breed of scholar himself. Like Capell and Grey, or Douce or Steevens and Warton, his method is first to steep himself in the literature of his author's period and then to illustrate by copious citation.

In just this manner did Warton and Todd illustrate Spenser and Milton. The method may not be up to our University extension standards, but it built up a corpus of scholastic commentary which has formed the staple of all serious criticism from that day to this. So in his notes Dr. Hill illustrates the text by parallel and elucidatory passages, drawn in the first place from Gibbon's History and Letters, then from Boswell, Parr, Hearne, Voltaire, Adam Smith, Walpole, Wraxall, Holland, Rogers, Burke, and many other writers. For well-nigh every epithet he has an apt anecdote, for Thurlow's "majestic sense," for example, the following: "In 1788 a deputation of dissenters waited on him to ask him to support the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts. The Chancellor heard them very civilly, and then said, 'Gentlemen, I'm against you, by G——. I am for the Established Church, damme! Not that I have any more regard for the Established Church than for any other Church, but because *it is* established. And if you can get your d——d religion established, I'll be for that too.'" But we must turn to the Appendix to discover the care and the store of reading which the editor has lavished upon his task. Here we find a most instructive and indispensable list of obscure authors upon whom Gibbon tested his unrivalled digestion as a young man—such writers as Cellarius and Petavius. Here are some recondite notes upon Oxford common rooms in Gibbon's day. Here are details of the "Gibbonière," or summer house, in which Gibbon wrote many pages of his history, and a minute particular of the fact that upon the never-to-be-forgotten 27th June, 1787, when Gibbon commemorated its "silver orb reflected from the waters" of the lake, the moon was just two days short of being full. With regard to the English historians of the period, Dr. Hill might have referred to the elaborate estimate of them in Buckle's "Posthumous Works," and for "Anglomanie" to Diderot and Texte. Speaking of text, that adopted by Dr. Hill is virtually Lord Sheffield's. "Respect for Mr. Murray's copyright" has made him sparing in emendations. This is a good fault, for it is difficult to improve upon the old text, taking it as a whole, and there is certainly no lack of illustrative comment. The parallel or synoptic versions have as a matter of fact been combined in America by Dr. O. F. Emerson, of Boston. Dr. Hill does not appear to be aware of this synopsis. Everyone who has not already got Gibbon's "Memoirs" may buy the present issue in confident anticipation that it will prove the definitive edition. Those who have passed the grand clamacteric will read with special pleasure the concluding section of the Appendix on "Life's Autumnal Felicity," and will hope that Dr. Hill has verified his last quotation, "A healthy old fellow that is not a fool is the happiest creature living."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

IMPOSSIBLE.*

Madame Sarah Grand has displayed a most intelligent anticipation of events by passing judgment herself on her latest heroine. But we fail to understand why she should thus signal out the impossibility of Babs when there are at least half-a-dozen characters in the book who can show equal claim to the distinction—and one far stronger claim. Is it another manifesto of revolt against the domination of mere man that Babs and not the superlatively impossible Mr. Jellybond Tinney should have the honour of advertisement?

Babs is impossible, that is admitted, but she has at least the excuse of being amusing. Cadenhouse is impossible, but he offers no such apology for his existence. He rises to the height of his inanity when he asks Babs on one of her escapades whether she "perceives already the transient nature of all earthly joys." Mrs. Kingsconstance, who lurks in our memory as a creature of "cooking, cordial, cigarettes and coffee," is quite impossibly vulgar; Miss Kingsconstance is quite impossibly sentimental, but then we have a suspicion she is intended to be mad. Miss Spice is quite impossibly silly, and we positively refuse to believe in her for a moment, in spite of the grandiloquent "interview with Madame Sarah Grand" which accompanies "Babs the Impossible." This pamphlet is the author's explanation of the problem which she professes to find in her story, the problem of the lonely existence of women "in country places," deserted by the men folk who enjoy life in the towns, "the pathetic victims of Nature's atrophy"—a problem as impossible as Babs or even Mr. Jellybond Tinney.

We could enlarge this list of impossibilities until we had included almost every person named in the book, and thus offer proof of having fulfilled the conditions which Madame Sarah Grand insists must govern criticism, by showing that we had read "Babs the Impossible" from title-page to colophon, but Mr. Jellybond Tinney deserves a special note in the catalogue. He is the most preposterous caricature in a long gallery of absurdities, the most obvious impostor that ever figured in fiction—and unless you have had the bad fortune to wade through the great yearly production of so-called detective stories and jewel mysteries you can hardly realise what a distinction we confer on Madame Sarah Grand's hero. And fearing that she has not made him impossible enough, Madame Sarah Grand actually suggests at the end that Tinney's "Prismatic Soul-Revivers," the impossible beverage of which we hear so much, owed their reviving properties to —his mesmeric power. If she had offered a similar explanation of the success of his amorous adventures we should have found it less impossible than that given in the afore-mentioned "interview."

An impossible book is not necessarily futile or worthless or objectionable. Madame Sarah Grand's new novel has greater faults than impossibility. It is vulgar, and worse than vulgar. This is not a topic which one cares to enlarge upon, but it cannot be ignored when dealing with a writer of Madame Sarah Grand's pretensions or popularity. The novels of the author of "Babs the Impossible" have never been distinguished by excellent taste, but hitherto her evident sincerity of purpose has been her justification. With some it may still serve to excuse such a sentence as:

"I think I shall kiss you good-bye," she (Babs) said, putting her hands on his shoulders. She pressed her lips to his neck. "*How nice you smell*," she observed; "what sort of soap do you use?" "Well, really, Babs, isn't that inquiry somewhat intimate?"

With some Madame Sarah Grand's "purpose" may even be held to justify this:

"Afterwards Jeffrey said to himself: 'Miss Julia would do to marry; but for fun give me Babs! By Jove! not a bad idea,' he proceeded. 'When two sisters are each eligible in their way, marry the right one, and then there's the other always at hand, and it's all in the family. It's time I married.'"

But can any circumstances be found in extenuation of the nasty suggestiveness of Montacute's adventures in the "great wicked city" which have not the remotest connection with plot or purpose, or of the episode between Babs and the French master who was "as sensual as a monkey"?

Babs' kisses may have been innocent, were probably innocent enough. Babs herself may have been innocent, but her creator points and underlines and explains the suggestiveness of innocent remarks, innocent gestures, in a manner we can only characterise as offensive. We have hesitated at the word, but the plain truth is that the whole atmosphere of the book is suggestive of sensuality. Few novels published of recent years are more thoroughly unwholesome and unhealthy, in tone and tendency, than "Babs the Impossible."

J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

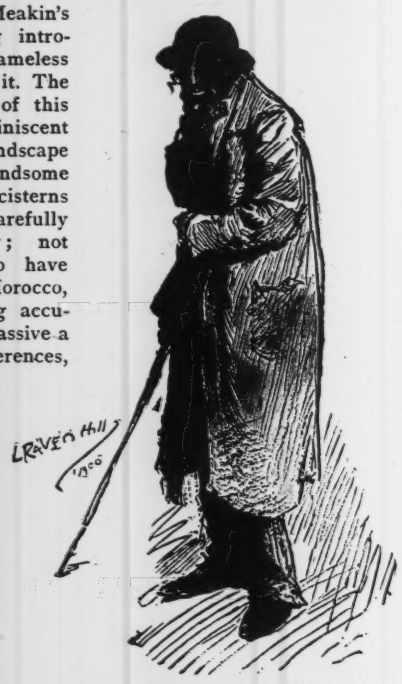
* "Babs the Impossible." By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

THE WATER-GATE OF LONDON: TOWER BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARDS ST. PAUL'S. *By Joseph Pennell.*

"The new Water Gate, the noblest and most stately gate possessed by any city: the gate called the Tower Bridge."
(Reproduced from *East London*, by Sir Walter Besant, by kind permission of Chatto and Windus.)

EL MAGHRIB.*

Mr. Budgett Meakin dedicates his new volume, the centre-piece in a Moorish triology, number one in which was called "The Moorish Empire," the third in which will be called "The Moors," to Mr. H. M. Stanley, whom he further addresses as "the Prince of African Explorers." That is quite Mr. Budgett Meakin's way, and a fitting introduction to the blameless pages which follow it. The placid immobility of this writer's work is reminiscent of Japanese landscape painting. His handsome volumes resemble cisterns full to the lip of carefully stored rain water; not spring water. To have limned for us Morocco, with such imposing accuracy and with so massive a dove-tailing of references, without ever, in a single line, deserting statistical black and white for even grey or brown, not to mention purple or crimson; this must be admitted to be something of a triumph, by those who know their Morocco, though it is not exhilarating.



A "SCHNORRER" (BEGGAR) OF THE GHETTO.

By L. Raven Hill.

"'Is this,' you ask, 'a descendant of Joshua's valiant captains? Is this the race which followed Judas Maccabaeus? Is this the race which defied the legions of Titus?' 'My friend,' replies a kindly scholar, one of their own people, 'these are the children of the Ghetto. For two thousand years they have lived in the worst parts of a crowded city; they have been denied work, except of the lowest; they have endured every kind of scorn and contumely.'"

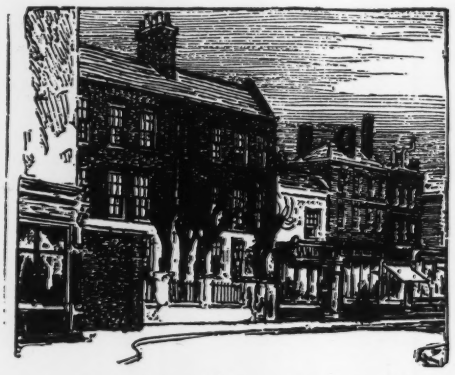
(Reproduced from *East London*, by Sir Walter Besant, by kind permission of Chatto and Windus.)

Barbaric and gorgeous colouring is probably mentioned somewhere by Mr. Meakin, since it is an integral part of the material he treats so exhaustively and faithfully. Mr. Meakin may tell us of it; he certainly does not show it to us. Such things cannot be stored like rain water. Tabulated records, however industriously garnered, laboriously sheaved, will not convey atmosphere. The most arresting feature of the whole mysterious countenance of Sunset Land, is its expression; that portion of a criminal's physiognomy which the Bertillon system is quite powerless to schedule. The very air one breathes in Morocco is full of indefinable romance, undying and quite nameless fascination, weird, distinctive charm. This has been felt and acknowledged by quite plain and practical persons who have travelled in it, and whose records of their travels have been studiously innocent of its transmission. There is not more of this Moroccan keynote in Mr. Meakin's work than may be found in Sir Walter Besant's East London. Mr. Meakin's gift has no concern with art, but rather with scrupulously served craft. It is the power of accumulation rather than of receptivity, collecting rather than seeing, recording rather than painting. His work is admirably lucid and concise, yet totally devoid of imaginative insight. It forms both pleasurable and profitable reading for the student of Morocco, by reason of its comprehensive and orderly exactness; yet it is quite unillumined by humour, and betrays no trace of inspiration, but a plenitude of laborious research, and intimate, first-hand knowledge.

The first two volumes of Mr. Meakin's valuable and instructive triology, his triple Moorish edifice, are entirely structural. One feels that the building has been given no interior. It is a building, and in no sense a habitation. It is scarcely more than a frame-work; but it is magnificently builded, and stablished upon the solid rock of facts, for which chapter and verse are never far to seek. Mr. Meakin, if no creator of soaring pinnacles or dazzling manáráts, is emphatically free from the taint of the jerry-builder. His work will stand all manner of wear and tear, for it presents no other surface than its solid, four-square walls. And that is its virtue, its reason for being, its just and undeniable claim for respect and appreciation: it is eminently serviceable.

In its first fifty pages "The Land of the Moors" treats of the natural resources, physical features, and animal and vegetable life of the country described; an encyclopædia in brief, admirably set forth, and closely knit by useful references. One enters then upon the main bulk of the book, some three hundred and odd compactly filled pages devoted to brief accounts of the principal ports, open and closed, the imperial cities, the sacred towns, and the minor centres of Morocco. In each, a cautious estimate of the population is given, by the striking of a middle course betwixt the highest and the lowest surmises of other authorities. In each, one gathers something as to climatic conditions, situation, approaches, degree of accessibility, architectural features, and social state, in addition to a brief, faithful outline of the recorded history of the town dealt with. In each, too, one finds at least one illustration, by means of which the author's studiously ordered facts are notably illumined. In the case of those places, beyond Atlas and elsewhere, which the author has not himself reached, he gives us of his best in the shape of acknowledged gleanings from other writers to this extent more favoured. Thus, some deeply interesting notes of Walter Harris, upon mysterious and remote Tafilalt, and some useful information from Mr. William Summers regarding inaccessible Sheshawan.

Mr. Meakin's Moroccan training and prolonged residence in Tangier, have enabled him to pass at will as a Moor among Moors; and thus it must frequently have been possible for him to penetrate sacred and forbidden spots quite beyond the reach of most European travellers. The mere acquisition of the language by a foreigner is not sufficient. Tradition, up-bringing, years of intercourse and familiarity: these be rare but indispensable passports. The present writer, for example, has more than once found that his Moorish guise, though very carefully assumed, was speedily seen through in fanatical and sanctified parts of Morocco, with inconvenient



HOUSE IN STOKE NEWINGTON IN WHICH EDGAR ALLAN POE LIVED.

By Joseph Pennell.

"Stoke Newington is connected with the name of Edgar Allan Poe. It was here that he was at school, where he was brought over by the Allans as a child. The house still stands; it is at the corner of Edward's Lane, which runs out of Church Street."

(Reproduced from *East London*, by Sir Walter Besant, by kind permission of Chatto and Windus.)

results to himself in the way of stoning, booing, and harrying from out the shelter of city walls and market-places. But Mr. Meakin, as perhaps becomes the serious recorder, would seem to have been less adventurous than industrious, and his first-hand descriptions of the sacred towns, mountain fast-

* "The Land of the Moors." By Budgett Meakin. With eighty-three illustrations and one map. 15s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

nesses, the Sus, and other forbidden places, are correspondingly brief.

If one may hazard a guess, the concluding volume in this triology will, when it appears, prove the most intimate and ripely interesting, and the first, "The Moorish Empire," the more broadly comprehensive and informing. Yet "The Land of the Moors" forms a very creditable centre-piece, and goes to suggest that the completed trio will fill worthily a gap in the English literature of North-west Africa.

MAX MULLER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

It is a matter of real regret that this Autobiography is only a fragment, stopping short at Max Müller's early days at Oxford. So fresh are the impressions it records; so young is the temper in which it is written; so sane and so sunny is the mind it reveals, we leave off with a pang of disappointment. It is in no sense a repetition of what he gave us in the two volumes of "Auld Lang Syne." This book is distinctly personal, and in a very simple, very attractive way, without garrulity or egotism, reveals the writer's temperament and ideas. It would have been a big book when finished; for he has allowed himself ample room; and the fragment has all the effect of leisurely pleasant conversation, which, by the way, is not entirely confined to the things of the past. The last chapter, "A Confession," is a strong appeal for the student to be free of all duties pertaining to agitation and organisation, such as wire-pulling correspondence, canvassing, attendance at meetings, committees, and public dinners. In what other age save this organisation - ridden one would such an appeal have been necessary? The temper of the scholar pervades the book; but it is not only the scholar who utters the cry against the modern journalistic *virus*. "Shall we ever, as long as there are newspapers, have peace again—peace between the great nations of the world, and peace at home between contending parties, and peace in our mornings at home?" He writes this *apropos* of how peace was kept between the Christians and the Jews in the Germany of his childhood. The passage is worth reading and considering. Though no repetition of the Autobiography, the book is supplementary to the "Auld Lang Syne" volumes. But of the personages that cross the stage here it is his personal impressions we get rather than memoirs and anecdotes of them. And Max Müller is big enough to confess his little weaknesses—as in his recollections of Roth, the Sanskrit scholar, when he puts down his antipathy to him to the fact that he ate more than his share of oysters at a students' luncheon in Paris one day.

In spite of all the years he spent in England, the country of his adoption, he tells us he remained a German to the end. Therein lies the real interest of this book. He is a critic, though a most genial and sympathetic one. It is that which gives value to his recollection of the Oxford of half a century ago. Nowhere does this eye observe more keenly and more intelligently than in respect to the Oxford movement. Max Müller was a man of simple, religious faith. He held few tenets; but these never forsook him; and he spent no time over theological subtleties. The leaders of the High Church movement often struck him as childish; he was too good-natured to call them shams. When the question of candlesticks and genuflexions was too solemnly regarded, he asked, "What has all this to do with religion?" In Christian conduct he was interested, but he felt among the Oxford men "a curious want of openness and manliness in discussing these simple questions, simple, if not complicated by ecclesiastical theories." Towards Newman his feeling was not sympathetic. He accused him of a lack of candour in the compilation of the "Lives of the Saints." But he owns, "I could never form a clear idea of the man, much as I admired his sermons." The secrecy given to the agitation seemed to him merely ridiculous, for his own religious thought was at once more intellectual and more simply practical. "In the midst of all this commotion, and chiefly secret commotion, I felt a perfect stranger."

From Photo by [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

* "My Autobiography. A Fragment." By the Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller. With Portraits. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)

MR. RIDER HAGGARD AT HIS BEST.*

Four hundred and ninety-six pages of Mr. Rider Haggard at his very best. It is almost superfluous to add another word. You cannot compare Mr. Rider Haggard at his best with any other writer; he is unique; and to give an adequate idea of the story of "Lysbeth" we should require many columns for the simple catalogue of the adventures and perils and fights and escapes which make up one of the most vigorous and exciting tales ever written. The easiest plan would be to devote a separate line to each page, for there are at least five hundred separate and distinct "thrills" in the story. And even this would hardly suffice, for the great sword "Silence" (splendidly reminiscent of another sword in Mr. Rider Haggard's earlier books) requires a catalogue to itself. A catalogue? An obituary list would be a more

* "Lysbeth: A Tale of the Dutch." By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

appropriate term. We doubt whether any sword in history or fiction ever reaped such a harvest as does "Silence" in the hands of Martin the Red.

The fearful tyranny of the days of Philip II. makes a fine setting for such a story, and while Mr. Rider Haggard has necessarily sacrificed character to action, there are some striking historical touches in his book. Altogether this story

MARTIN THE RED WITH "THE GREAT SWORD SILENCE" AND FOY.

"Two men . . . bursting through the barrier of flaming wood."

(Reproduced from Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, *Lysbeth*, by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans and Co.)

of "the trials, adventures, and victories" of a Dutch burgher family fighting against Spain and the Inquisition is infinitely stirring. With the author we ask in wonder, "How is it that they did not die of very terror, those who escaped the scaffold, the famine, and the pestilence?" Foy and Lysbeth, Elsa and Martin are grand, heroic figures, and that they won through at last and did not succumb to the terror of villainy unspeakable, of death and worse than death, was due in large measure to—the great sword "Silence." Our one regret is that the book does not end with a picture of "Silence" hanging sheathed and at rest in the new home.

LITTLE MEMOIRS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

The plan of "George Paston's" book is excellent, and is excellently carried out. He has done a great deal of reading for us; has kept back all the husk and given us most of the grain. Busy folks have a right to be catered for in this way, and will not be ungrateful to so skilled an extractor of the living stuff in bulky memoirs; while as all the interest in them has not been exhausted, the more leisurely among us are pointed to fields of entertainment old enough to have something fresh for readers of to-day. There is plenty of variety in the characters presented: as Mr. Paston says, the fact that they were all "self-revealers" is about the only bond between Lady Hertford, Lady Pomfret, Richard Cumberland, Lady Craven, Jane Lackington, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and John Tweddell, the lover of Miss Isabel Gunning, cousin of the "beauties." The most pleasant chapter is the one devoted to that delightful Highland lady, Mrs. Grant. By far the most amusing subject is Lady Craven. There is a spirited relation of the adventures of that vagabond peeress, most complacent, most adventurous of Englishwomen, who left scandal everywhere in her train, and spoke with the accent of the "unco guid," braved all kinds of disapproval, ruled it in many a gay circle, and when she could wander no longer and her beauty was gone, became an enthusiastic market-gardener, dressed below that rank, and lectured England on its ignorance and frivolity. Here the writer has drawn not merely from Lady Craven's own self-righteous memoirs, but from Horace Walpole and other cool-headed observers of the time. One has a passing wish that Mr. Meredith should have made her the heroine of a book. None better than he could have shown the play of her nature in its pleasanter aspect; but he would have succumbed to her fascinations, and would have been too kind—as was Johnson, who, asked by her why he liked her, "put his large hand on my arm, and with an expression I shall never forget, pressed it, and said, 'Because you are a good mother.'" But she was not all humbug; and after making due deductions from her own estimate of her virtues and talents, we end with an admiration and some liking for the spirited, vivacious, restless, unconventional woman, with the enviable faculty of pitying and despising her betters. A more diffident temper might have sent her hopelessly to the bad.

* "Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century." By George Paston. With Portraits. 10s. 6d. (Richards.)

LIFE AND SPORT ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.*

It is not often that so thoroughly fresh and vivacious an account of another clime is given as is to be found in this book. The vast majority of books of travel exist only to repeat the mournful burden of the truth of the old *cælum non animam* quotation, to show that he who has vitally and in reality a Cockney soul may wander as far as he will only find Cockney forests, Cockney mountains, Cockney oceans, and a Cockney universe. The average tourist or coloniser reports scenes which any man of imagination would give the world to have beheld, with a boredom that breathes in the very words, and sees the shooting of a man by savages with the same automatic and soulless curiosity with which he sees a cab-horse fall down in the Strand.

Mr. Vachell is vastly different: he may be right or wrong in his view of the cities on the Pacific Slope, but no one can fail to see that his attention is fixed on the really interesting aspects of a state, the great elementary ethics, the great nameless tendencies of a new community. He does not pursue the venerable and cheerful customs of those whom Mr. Kipling calls "fluffy travelling gentlemen." He does not call a people pirates if their hotel-tariffs are different to ours, or barbarians if they have a code of politeness as complete and independent as our own. He has the wisdom to regard other civilisations as lights by which to examine ours, not merely as shadows to throw it up. It falls to him to describe the most indescribable thing on earth, the new crude lawless civilisation of the West, a civilisation broken loose like a mad elephant. Californian Americanism with its splendour, vulgarity, fickleness, multiplicity, imbecility, and triumph, is like Nature herself, something too huge for the mind: its lights are too glaring, its noises too deafening, its size too colossal, either to condemn or to excuse hastily. It affects us somewhat in the same manner that we are affected by the magnificent description of Behemoth in the Book of Job, the monster whose ruthless and shapeless power and magnitude, violating all canons of art and reason, was shown in superb satire by the Divine finger to the man who imagined he knew the why and wherefore of Nature. "Canst thou play with him as with a bird; canst thou bind him for thy maidens?" America has its own noble and mysterious work: but we cannot play with it as with the eagles of the feudal empires: we can never bind it for the Nine Muses or the Three Graces.

Mr. Vachell writes with spirit and sympathy of both the old and the new white Californian races: he speaks of the "swan song of the Latin before the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon." Firm as is our belief in the great qualities of our race, we cannot say that Mr. Vachell's descriptions of the

* "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." By H. A. Vachell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

feverish and sensual Americanism of this district makes us so easy on this subject as we should like to be. What chance of worthy and final conquest is there for the "all-conquering Anglo-Saxon" where he cannot even conquer himself? Mr. Vachell, before dismissing the old Hispano-American people of the Pacific Slope, pays them a dignified and eloquent tribute:

"They were simple, primitive people: contented with little: grateful to God for the blessings vouchsafed to them: truly free, if we may accept their own testimony, and truly happy."

Surely this is uncomfortably like a satire on the "advanced" American civilisation that has driven them out. Must we say of the modern men of San Francisco all the opposite things?

"They were a complex, over-civilised people, discontented even with mountains of wealth, thanking neither God nor man for their luck; theoretically free, if it were possible to accept their own testimony on anything, and thoroughly bitten with the folly of the world." We do not mean, of course, that the men whom Mr. Vachell describes are as a whole or in the main corrupt. He gives far too many forcible pictures of an open life on the farms, which, even where it is morally lax, is never morally diseased. Moreover, even in the commercial circles there is, as is always the case in the seeming criminality of other countries, a great deal to be said on the other side. Mr. Vachell has a peculiarly able passage in which he points out many abuses which are absent in Pacific finance and industry, and which are cheerfully submitted to by the good people of Europe and Massachusetts. But with every allowance for this view of the matter, the general impression on the mind after studying this most interesting book is that expressed by an acquaintance of Mr. Vachell's, a native of the country in question, when he said: "We have swelled head, and we shall soon have cold feet." If our tribal energy, English or American, is still to be marked with its highest attributes, a simplicity far deeper than the mere simplicity of the savage, a reverence far more interior than the reverence of the enthusiast, we need not quail before the awful responsibility of our own advance. But if our victory is to be the victory of champagne and "poker," of a weltering anarchy of men without a name or

From Photo by [*Fry, Brighton.*

MR. H. A. VACHELL.

a country, of the facile making of laws and the facile breaking of them, of a general impotence for national and sexual fidelity; then the first patch of flat bricks we see in an old church, the marks of the Roman builders, will be enough to remind us that we are not the first who have been strong or the first who have been weakened.

NOVEL NOTES.

FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Jessie Bröchner. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This volume is excellently characteristic of the gifted Swedish writer. It shows her strength and her weakness, and in it can be read two interesting chapters of her literary

A NEW PORTRAIT OF SELMA LAGERLÖF.

career. Her genius is of northern growth, and in the book by which she first became known in England, "Gösta Berling," everything was northern. There was northern imagination and fervour; but there was also northern fog and northern cloudy grotesqueness. Italy then drew her; and the influence of clear air, of a country of exquisite line, was seen at once. In her Sicilian story there is a wonderful artistic advance. The northern imagination and fervour did not vanish; but instead of kaleidoscopic fireworks she gave us an infinite series of well defined and effective pictures. In the present book north and south are represented, and her manner changes according as she deals with one or the other. She is always a poet, only sometimes an artist. Her northern stories are fairy stories, and their real characters are fairies and trolls. Unhappily for our clear conception of them, she calls the trolls and fairies men and women, to the infinite confusion of non-Scandinavian minds. The southern tales here have no more poetry in them, perhaps rather less; but instinctively she is led in them to methods of simplicity; she no longer gives us looming nightmare shapes, but men and women. The next stage in the history of her art may be her treatment of northern subjects in the same fashion. She need not omit the mist and fog and snowdrift, need only show a clear as well as a fervent mind behind these.

THE FROBISHERS. By S. Baring Gould. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Baring Gould's new book is a story with a purpose; and the purpose is a good deal more interesting, as well as more important than the story. The tale of a girl of gentle birth, reduced to poverty, who earns her living in the Staffordshire potteries, is only a peg on which to hang a description of the melancholy conditions under which many of the potters work, an appeal to the public who are mainly responsible, and a suggestion to social workers not meant for Staffordshire alone. An indifferent novel, it is an effective and popular tract.

A BICYCLE OF CATHAY. AFIELD AND AFLOAT. By Frank R. Stockton. 6s. each. (Cassell.)

Mr. Stockton is not always really funny nowadays; but he is often laughably absurd, which serves nearly the same purpose; and he is always good-natured. In his two last books he is hardly at his best; but "A Bicycle of Cathay" may wile away a placid hour or so agreeably. "Afield and Afloat" is a collection of short stories, some of them dull, some of them grotesque, with one or two experiments which suggest that Mr. Stockton's manner and matter are not definitely fixed for all time.

TANGLED TRINITIES. By Daniel Woodroffe. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Here is a story of quite unusual ability. Mr. Woodroffe writes in a relentless fashion, but without much bitterness. The bitterness has been mostly matured into a kind of acid tonic philosophy. Only now and then it breaks out startlingly, and the undisciplined reader must often cry aloud for the pain of the thing he has to witness. Yet Mr. Woodroffe evidently does not exult in a bad ending to his story. The bad ending has all the appearance of being inevitable, given the circumstances—peculiar, but not in the least improbable; and the characters—some of them peculiar, too, but the three most peculiar of all masterpieces of reality. Asta, the West Indian flower, indolent, sensuous, ignorant, but tremendously honest and simple, cast upon the barren island of a poor English parsonage, with its hardships and its entirely uncomprehended duties; Judith, her black nurse, with an intellect and morality not made in these regions, striving to further her young mistress's interests in a world where starvation is a real shape; and Steele, the blundering parson, patient, obtuse, looked down on by all the neighbourhood mostly because he happens to be a sincere Christian, his one grievance the "want of heartiness" about—these are the sad aliens cast on an English country parish. The contrasting natives are admirably, just a little too savagely, set forth by Mr. Woodroffe's bold hand. He does not flatter our national characteristics; but he holds no brief for the alien. It is a story we should like to forget, and by its power are forced to remember.

QUALITY CORNER. By C. L. Antrobus. 6s. (Chatto.)

This is the kind of book that stamps its writer as a person of infinite culture. Culture does not always tend to success in fiction; and here there is too much culture and too little drama, or rather the drama—for there are striking situations and some clash of circumstance—is too much wrapped up in irrelevancies. But the irrelevancies are interesting, and there is a tone of refined, reflective philosophy about the book which from time to time must charm a sympathetic reader. We think Mr. Antrobus has made a mistake in trying to soften the world's judgment of a good man, who once behaved weakly, by making his enemy behave very much worse.

ANNE MAINWARING. By Lady Ridley. 6s. (Longmans.)

We shall not be surprised if this story be called a very "nice book" by readers in a hurry. It takes itself so seriously, and adopts so lofty a tone. In reality it is neither lofty nor serious. The author writes with the average amount of skill, and has evidently glanced at life from more than the average number of points of view. But it is not often we find a book equally ambitious so superficial. The tragedy of the end is not in the least inevitable. The heroine was not driven into making the unsuitable marriage, and her final revolt should have been honestly attributed to passion and inherent weakness, and not to the fact of her discovery that a friend whom she respected had broken conventional laws. We suspected Anne of being a sham all along. At the end we know it.

AMONG THE SYRINGAS. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mrs. Mann has her way with us. She makes us laugh, or she makes us cry, according to her mood. She has so firm a grasp of facts that we hardly ever refuse to be moved at her bidding. Here we fain would break away, and cry out on improbabilities; for the story is cruel. But only once are we successful—in our doubt that any father who loved his child would have left him alone in that house among the syringas, after what he saw there. But take away the Monty incident, and too much remains of sadness that we cannot deny. What would readers of forty years ago have said if a heroine like Barbara had been thrust upon them? She is idle, ignorant, slipshod, untidy, untruthful, and if she has a loving heart, she is wilful and selfish, nevertheless. Yet this out-at-elbows lover of warmth and colour, in her impossible circumstances, draws our hearts. There is so much humanity in her. And the others—Steele, hiding weakness under his dignified austerity; his wife, so vulgar and so good-hearted; the begging-letter clergyman, and the self-righteous little cripple—they are all so poignantly real that they force on us the unwilling idea that Barbara's story is true.

THE SURVIVOR. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Oppenheim has partly expiated his error of writing a novel of literary life—the least profitable and the least romantic kind of life the world can be asked to contemplate—by introducing a strong dose of sensation. A successful young writer, who feels a capital charge hanging over his head, is something of a novelty. Besides, he has almost succeeded in making his readers suspect the hero of the crime—which is a triumph.

BELINDA FITZWARREN. By the Earl of Iddesleigh. 6s. (Methuen.)

There are certain books which have no *raison d'être* at all unless readers fall in love with the heroine. This is one of them. It is not in the least a literary exercise; nor a gallery of portraits; nor a record of conversations nor of philosophy. There is only Belinda. And we have not fallen in love with Belinda. Belinda is a blundering young woman, who gets into scrapes by her instinct for doing the wrong thing and by her stubbornness. She blunders herself into the shadow of an accusation of murder. Her lover lies heroically to save her; and then she blunders them both into safety, and the actual murderer into a madhouse. The writer has made the not uncommon mistake in fiction of confusing good luck with charm.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

FIRST ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT. By C. E. Borchgrevink, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)

Mr. Borchgrevink can not only command an expedition to the Antarctic Continent, he can also write a book which we feel sure will be as thoroughly interesting to the general reader as it is valuable to all concerned in polar voyages. In excellent English, and an easy colloquial style, he tells the tale of the journey of the *Southern Cross* farthest South, and the year of isolation spent by ten of the members of the expedition at Cape Adare; cut off from the world, to live under conditions which could only be guessed, to explore, to observe, to experiment, and, incidentally, to endure. Much of the romance may have been taken from polar exploration in these days when pioneering is scarcely possible, owing to the energy of past pioneers, and science and invention has rendered wild adventure improbable; but there is still room for excitement and suspense, and need for nerve and courage in a voyage to the Antarctic Continent; and the appendices alone, in this volume, prove that there was much solid work done in this case. Now that our attention is turned to the expeditions just starting for the same goal, Mr. Borchgrevink's book should be well studied; maps, illustrations and narrative give a faithful and lively picture of an arduous and still uncommon and dangerous undertaking.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK. By Tighe Hopkins. 7s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Romantic readers must feel themselves many years older when they have finished Mr. Tighe Hopkins's conclusive *résumé* of all the facts underlying this famous legend. The mysterious man was not the Grand Monarque's brother, nor his son. The claims of Vermandois, of Monmouth, of Beaufort, Roi des Halles, of Fouquet, are all looked into with sternly impartial eyes and by the aid of the last fragment of documentary evidence; and they are all proved to be based on impossibilities, absurdities, and lies. Mr. Hopkins only follows in the steps of Delort, Topin, and especially Funck-Brentano, but his elucidation of their arguments and conclusions is so admirably clear that his compilation has individual merit. The glamour has gone from the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." Who cares for Mattioli and his treachery? Well, we might try to think even him a romantic prisoner, if only they would leave us the iron mask. But, no. The iron mask was a "little fashionable shield of black velvet which every Italian gentleman had in his wardrobe." And, evidently, Mattioli was not even required to wear it! We have no further interest in Mattioli. Yet we hang on to the last shred of mystery, and declare that the motives attributed to Louis for keeping so much secrecy about the person of the

traitor of Casale, through so many long years, are just a little inadequate.

THE LIFE OF THE RT. HON. HUGH C. E. CHILDERS. By Lieut.-Col. Spencer Childers. 2 vols. Illustrations. 28s. (Murray.)

This record of an able, upright Minister of much and varied experience contains a great deal to interest students of the politics of the last forty years; and no one can read without a feeling of hearty satisfaction this tale of an active and honourable career. Mr. Childers is the most desirable type of Ministers of the second rank. He brought to bear on his duties not only an excellent mind, but also a very rare unselfishness. That is the real point of *Punch's* cartoon of the "Ministerial Odd Man," here reproduced. This biography of his son is a useful record. It is in no sense a book, but therein it does not differ from other Lives written within twenty years of the death of their subjects by a member of their family. It is not because they are too eulogistic we complain of them—this one is not—but because they are mainly bundles of notes. Colonel Childers's biography compares favourably with most others of its kind. But he has not learned the full use of an appendix, and the correspondence should have been much further curtailed.

THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). 6s. net. (Murray.)

The list of Florentine painters is brilliant and unique; for about three centuries these men were making a splendid and memorable piece of art-history; and Mrs. Ady has evidently found the study of their lives a happy and congenial one. Her book, within its scope, is excellent. It consists of short biographies of the great painters of Florence, from the early life of Cimabue, who heralded the coming of the age of beauty, to the death of Michelangelo, before which time the note of decadence had already been struck. By travellers, art-students, and picture-lovers in general this biographical history will be appreciated; it is handy in size, concise yet picturesque and attractive in style, it gives the present homes of the chief works of each artist, and a generous number of reproductions of the works themselves. New light has of late years been thrown upon the lives, the methods, the sorrows and triumphs of the wonderful Masters, thanks to diligent research; and, learning more of the circumstances and environments of the several men, we can better realise the individual worth and style of each as he took his place in the illustrious roll, and contributed his share of glory to the great revival of art in Italy.

SERMONS ON FAITH AND DOCTRINE. By the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, D.D., Dean of Ripon. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Nothing written by the late Master of Balliol so fully justifies the reverence in which he was held as the sermons now published. They are full of suggestive thoughts, weighty wisdom, and penetration. Nothing is commonplace, nothing trivial, nothing crude; but from the first line to the last the reader finds himself in the company of a serious and stimulating thinker. In his "Life," admirable as that biography is, one is sensible of a wavering and trembling of the compass, as if final positions even regarding the fundamental truths had not been reached; here the great religious ideas are spoken of with an assurance which must impart confidence to others. The sermons on the knowledge of God, Immortality, and Darwinism and Faith in God, are likely to bring light and assurance where hitherto there have been doubt and darkness. As one listens to the reasonable, calm, ripe wisdom of the preacher the conviction grows that all advance in scientific knowledge in any department can only serve more firmly to establish the great beliefs by which men live.

THE HISTORICAL NEW TESTAMENT. Being the Literature of the New Testament arranged in the order of its literary growth, and according to the dates of the documents. A New Translation. Edited with Prolegomena, Historical Tables, Critical Notes, and Appendix, by James Moffatt, B.D. 16s. (T. and T. Clark.)

The fulness of Mr. Moffatt's title faintly represents the fulness of his book. It contains more than seven hundred pages, and every page is packed with information. The author would seem to have mastered the entire corpus of modern criticism and to have added to it one of the ablest contributions it has received. In the Prolegomena he describes the conditions under which the literature of the New Testament was produced, and the principles which must in consequence guide its interpretation. The new translation which follows, we have no hesitation in pronouncing a distinct improvement on the versions at present in use; and the introductions which precede the various books, although brief, exhibit a singular capacity for appreciating criticism and for exercising it, for taking a survey of all that throws light on the origin of the various books, and for presenting his own conclusions in a powerful and convincing style. These conclusions may not always be so certain as Mr. Moffatt thinks them; but it would be difficult to name a book in which all the critical problems of the New Testament are more clearly stated or in which a fuller survey of the literature is given, or which will prove a more helpful discipline to the student. Mr. Moffatt's volume is pretty sure to find its way to the desk of every reader who is interested in the criticism of the New Testament.

THE SIEGE OF KUMASSI. By Lady Hodgson. 21s. (Pearson.)

Lady Hodgson's narrative is the more impressive by reason of its simplicity. Plunged swiftly and unexpectedly into the midst of warfare and siege when one has merely been prepared for a friendly visit to an outlying province; with but a handful of Europeans, and one's own life and the safety of one's flag dependent upon the loyalty of a section of natives, no embellishments are needed to make the story one of intense interest. In plain, graphic words Lady Hodgson reveals the daily experiences, hopes, fears, and desperate dangers of those weeks within the fort, and the perilous journey which followed, when, for the good of the majority, a small force was left to defend the besieged spot, and the rest—Europeans and refugees, carriers and the ever-gallant Hausas, fought their way past the enemy, and marched, weak, hungry, and harassed continuously, to safety at Cape Coast. The book is history, vivid and full of force (though unfortunately it touches on controversial subjects). It is also restrained but admiring testimony to the fine, quiet courage, endurance, and absolute devotion to duty shown by all concerned. Some unusually interesting though irrelevant illustrations are included, also two maps.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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MAY, 1901.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

DEISSMANN, DR. G. ADOLF.—Bible Studies. Authorised Translation. 9/- ..... *T. & T. Clark*

GORE, CHARLES, M.A., D.D.—The Body of Christ, 5/- net ..... *Murray*

HOLLAND, REV. H. SCOTT, M.A.—The Power of a Mother's Prayer, 1/- ..... *Murray*

[A reprint of the sermon delivered by Canon Scott Holland at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, this year in aid of the Newport Market Army Training School.]

KING, HENRY CHURCHILL.—Reconstruction in Theology, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

[A series of chapters to prove that reconstruction is necessary; why it is so; and the importance and influence of it when undertaken and carried out.]

OLLIVIER, R. P. M. J., O.P.—The Passion. Translated from the French by E. Leahy ..... *Marlier, Boston*

ROBINSON, J. ARMITAGE, D.D.—Unity in Christ, 6/- ... *Macmillan*

WILLIAMS, REV. T. RHONDDA.—Shall we Understand the Bible? 1/- net ..... *Lund, Humphries & Co.*

[A set of earnest, broad-minded lectures delivered to Sunday School teachers and others, with a view to deepening, enlarging, and stimulating the study of the Bible.]

NEW EDITIONS.

BLOSIUS, LEWIS.—A Mirror for Monks, 6d. net ... *Art & Book Co.*

[This new and revised edition is a reprint of one published in Paris in 1676.]

Book of Job, The.—Translated and Annotated by F. H. Wilkinson, T.C.S., 3/6 ..... *Skeffington*

HARNACK, ADOLF.—The Apostle's Creed, 1/6 net ... *A. & C. Black*

[This is a translation from an article in the third edition of Herzog's Realencyclopädie, by the Rev. Stewart Means. Thomas Bailey Saunders now thoroughly edits and revises it.]

New History of the Book of Common Prayer.—On the Basis of the Former Work by Francis Procter, M.A. Revised by Walter Howard Frere, M.A. 12/6 ..... *Macmillan*

[This book has, practically, been re-written. Mr. Procter's book was very valuable in its day; but with the changes and discoveries which have been made since that time it needed careful revision; this, Mr. Frere has given it.]

Saint Matthew. The Century Bible. Edited by Prof. W. F. Slater, M.A. 2/- and 3/- net ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

TAYLOR, JEREMY.—The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying, 1/6 net ..... *Dent*

[This *Temple Classic* contains a characteristic portrait of Jeremy Taylor; it is edited by Mr. A. R. Waller, and includes useful notes.]

FICTION.

ALLEN, INGLIS.—A 'Varsity Man, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

[Paints in vivid colours the acute miseries and the rarer joys of an impressionable undergraduate. The phases are distinctly amusing, and, it is possible, may prove instructive.]

BELL, R. S. WARREN.—Love the Laggard, 6/- ..... *Richards*

[The *dénouement* and the sentiment of the tale towards the end are so satisfactory and sympathetic that they effectually soothe any little irritation a reader may feel on account of faults of style and taste and trivialities in the earlier part.]

BELL-RANSKE, JUTTA.—Peasant Lassies ..... *Freemantle*

[Half-a-dozen tales of Norwegian peasant-life, with a few folk-songs for Appendix. A fresh and enjoyable collection. We understand the author's difficulty of translating local dialect, but should not have thought Scotch the best substitute. Perhaps, however, this is but a natural sign and outcome of the times.]

BODKIN, M. MCDONNELL.—A Bear Squeeze. Illustrated. 2/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*

[Company-promoting and money-making villany in general provide the theme for this novel; but there is a love interest as well, and, having got rid of revolvers and despair, we leave some of the chief characters suggesting a double honeymoon.]

CORNFORD, L. COPE.—Northborough Cross, 6/- ..... *Allen*

CROSS, V.—Anna Lombard, 6/- ..... *Long*

[The heroine is a startling young woman. Her lover, the English one, gave her credit for tremendous "mentality." The reader is mostly struck by the comprehensiveness of her affections and her secretiveness, which does not hinder a certain wounding directness of speech. But the lover was entirely satisfied with her conduct, and as he was the sufferer, there is no more to be said about it.]

DAWLISH, H.—A Secretary of Legation, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

[A clever story of diplomatic life in the East, but much more painful than amusing. An author has, of course, a right to his partialities; yet we cannot help wondering at the tenderness shown towards Dale, while such summary punishment is brought down on the women offenders in the drama. The writer is a clever satirist, but rather too vindictive to be a powerful student of character.]

DICKSON, H.—The Black Wolf's Breed, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

[A story of the new world and the old in the time of Louis XIV. A Louisiana captain comes to Europe on a mission, and meets with thrilling and varied adventures. The lives of Indians and of French gallants are equally well depicted. Mr. Dickson's story is high above the average of such books, and need fear no comparison with the best of Mr. Weyman's.]

DUDENEY, MRS.—The Third Floor, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

FENN, GEORGE MANVILLE.—Running Amok, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

[A spirited tale of adventure among the Malays. Treasure is stolen, a good man accused, a sultan killed, slang not scorned, "Amok! Amok!" and "A Bloody Rush" used as headings of two final chapters, and right triumphs over wrong in the end.]

FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE.—Salammbô. Retold from the French by Zenaïde A. Ragozin. 3/6 ..... *Putnam*

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